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OCT. 3, 1942 10¢



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5



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42



WE ARE MAKING

WINNING THE WAR

OUR JOB

A Boy is driving a horse,
But his wagon is hitched to a Star!
He Dreams of the Future,
And of the part he will play in it!



We see him a man, Reliant and Smiling—
With a Smile that owes much to
his lifelong use of Ipana and Massage!

HIS steadfast gaze reflects the hopes and ideals of a new generation. On the rich farmlands—along the pavements of city streets of America, youth prepares to face new frontiers confident and ready... and *smiling!*

Yes, *smiling!* For even children's smiles have the best of care in these days. In classrooms* all over the nation, youngsters are being taught a lesson many parents have yet to learn—the importance of firm, healthy gums to bright teeth and sparkling smiles.

In 1941 at the request of over 85,000 teachers, Ipana provided charts, teaching helps and other material for use in dental hygiene classes in American schools.

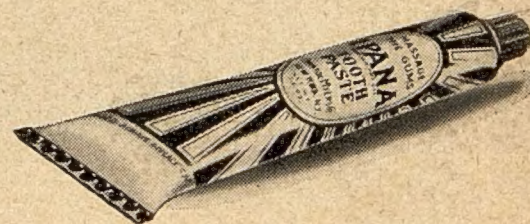
These young Americans know that today's soft foods deprive gums of work and stimulation. They know why gums tend to become soft, tender...and often signal their weakness with a warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush!

"Pink Tooth Brush"—A Warning!

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush... *see your dentist.* He may simply say that your gums have become tender and sensitive because of today's soft, creamy foods. And, like many modern dentists, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste is designed not only to clean teeth to sparkling brightness but, with massage, to aid the

gums. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums as regularly as you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gums—helps them to healthier firmness. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, firmer gums and a more sparkling, attractive smile!



Ipana Tooth Paste

Product of Bristol-Myers

the **S**trongest Man in the World

THAT will be *you*, Johnny, just a few years from now!

Even today, Johnny, your dad, and millions like him, are doing jobs that call for the strength of a thousand strong men. But jobs which are easy with the powerful machines of American industry.

The power of these machines has made possible the comforts, even many of the necessities, which you enjoy. It's being used, all-out, to help win the war.

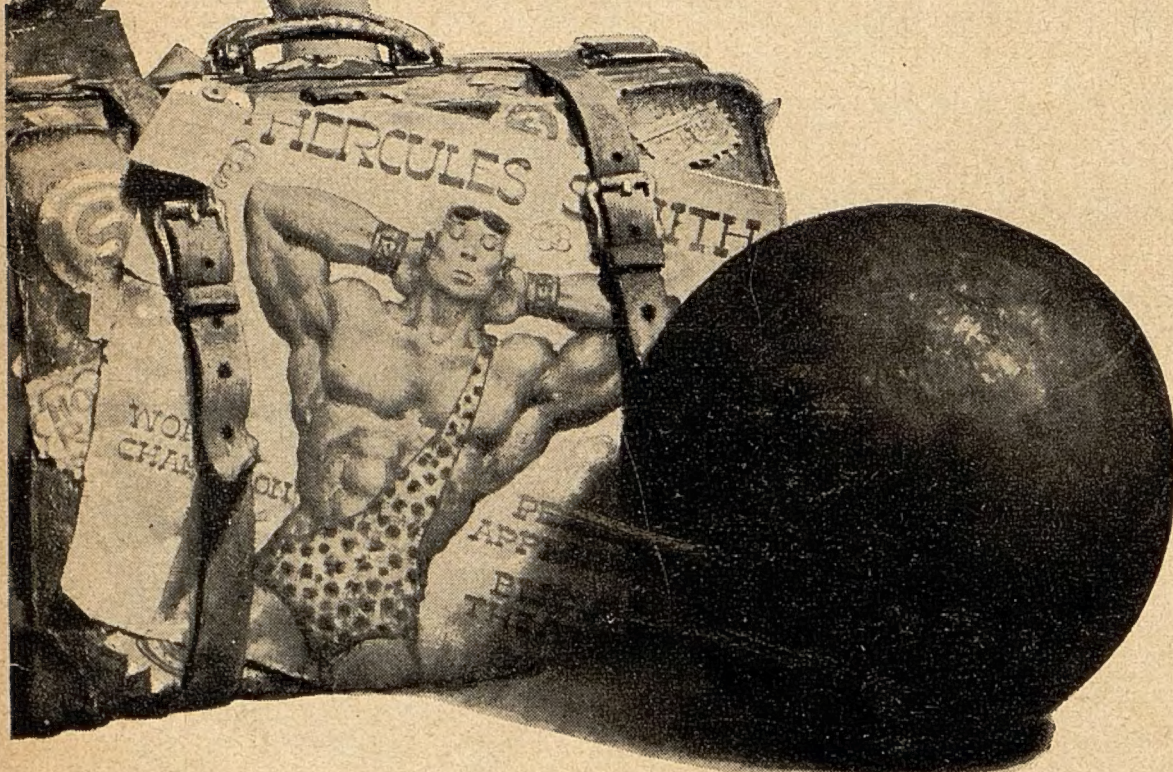
But tomorrow—there's where you come in! For tomorrow there will be jobs rebuilding a war-torn world, making it safer and finer than anything we have known. Jobs that will call for even more power and ingenuity and skill.

And you, Johnny—you'll do them! You'll have greater power and better tools to help you. You'll have new materials like plastics, new sciences like electronics. Scientists and engineers in General Electric are working on them now.

And that, Johnny, is why you're going to be the strongest man in the world. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*

★ ★ ★

The volume of General Electric war production is so high and the degree of secrecy required is so great that we cannot tell you about it now. When it can be told we believe that the story of industry's developments during the war years will make one of the most fascinating chapters in the history of industrial progress.



GENERAL  ELECTRIC

THIS WEEK

OCTOBER 3, 1942

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Paul Hunter, Publisher and Editor.

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NEXT WEEK

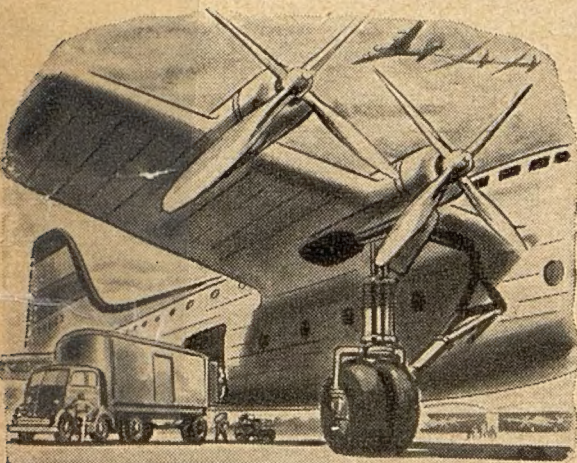
OCTOBER 10, 1942

"I WAS A PRISONER OF THE JAPS"

A young American, back from seven months in the Stanley prison in Hong-kong, tells the most vivid and detailed and shocking story that has yet come to light of the treatment given by the Japanese to those who fell into their hands. He saw and heard and experienced things that have not before been recorded in print—and high officials have given him the go-ahead to reveal them.

FLYING FREIGHT CARS: WILL THEY WIN THE WAR?

You read of plans for building giant cargo planes. Do you know how they fit



into the coming pattern of the war? **FREDERICK L. COLLINS** tells you in an exciting, illuminating article.

THE FABULOUS FALKENBURGS

Not just Jinx, the lady of the billboards and the movies. **IRVING WALLACE** presents the whole incredible, irrepressible family of five. There has been nothing like them since the imaginary folks in *You Can't Take It with You*. These folks are *real*—and this is the first real close-up of them.

THOSE YANKEES!

A piece for World Series time, this tells the whole story of what is, and has been, behind the baseball blitzkrieg of America's most famous team. By **FRANK GRAHAM**.

AND: Bushido? Bunk! An eye-opening examination of the Japs' pretense of chivalry, by an eminent authority, **WILLARD PRICE**. . . . The most human and revealing article thus far in Liberty's Roosevelt series. . . . Fine, unusual fiction by **LOUISE DICKINSON RICH**, **WINFRED VAN ATTA**, and others. . . . Features, pictures, departments, fun. Be seeing you!

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Can twins be divorced?



The Davis Twins, United Air Lines Stewardesses, tell how Pepsodent Tooth Powder came between them.



"We're typical twins, Athalie and I. Look alike, dress alike, share the same problems of mistaken identity. We've always been together on everything... except once. That was the time I 'divorced' my twin... for test purposes only. I switched to Pepsodent Tooth Powder. Athalie went right on using another well-known brand."



"Even when we dressed alike, people began to know us apart. My teeth became *twice as bright* as my twin's... thanks to Pepsodent! It was easy to tell who was who... but not for long. Athalie had enough of our trial separation. So she switched to Pepsodent, too. And is she glad! Nothing but Pepsodent for us from now on."

Davis twins confirm laboratory proof that Pepsodent Powder can make your teeth far brighter, too!



INDEPENDENT LABORATORY TESTS FOUND NO OTHER DENTIFRICE THAT COULD MATCH THE HIGH LUSTRE PRODUCED BY PEPSODENT. BY ACTUAL TEST, PEPSODENT PRODUCES A LUSTRE ON TEETH TWICE AS BRIGHT AS THE AVERAGE OF ALL OTHER LEADING BRANDS!



For the safety of your smile...
use Pepsodent twice a day...
see your dentist twice a year

Liberty

OCT. 3, 1942



THE U. S. A. IS OURS

THE U. S. A. is *ours*—the individual possession of every mother's one of us.

The U. S. A. is not just a name to be applauded patriotically, not just a land, not just a country. The U. S. A. is factories turning out beds and cars, cereals and cosmetics, medicines and clothes, tanks and airplanes and guns. It is capital contributing its money and brains and labor contributing its muscle and skill. It is farms producing food. It is cities housing millions and villages warm with friendliness. It is roads leading to work and to pleasure. It is schools and churches and hospitals and homes. It is song and laughter and love and children and the good satisfaction of a day's work. It is 130,000,000 living, breathing human beings.

And, more than all this, it is the mighty sinews of freedom, weaving through every least citizen's affairs, giving him the right—and the opportunity—to be part of this great whole, to co-operate, contribute, and pridefully share in its priceless gift—liberty.

On a broad and splendid scale, this magnificent U. S. A. has been striving to accomplish what Jesus Christ and Moses and the ancient Greeks and the eighteenth-century philosophers and our own founding fathers hoped and preached, wrote and prayed for—yes, fought and died for—the providing of liberty and freedom as a way of living.

This country and this goal are bigger, more important, than any single thing or group of things in it. They are bigger than Roosevelt and the New Deal; than Willkie and the G. O. P.; than labor, farmer, business man, capitalist. They are even bigger and more important than you, whoever you may be, and your life or your son's life.

That is the thought we must get: That the U. S. A. is more important than any sacrifice we might possibly be called upon to make. Not only more important in a vague, general, patriotic way, but more important to *us* individually—you and me—as a possession, as an ideal, as an opportunity, as a responsibility.

And now—this United States of ours is in danger!

We—you and I—are in danger of losing this glorious estate, this right to live our lives as we see fit.

That is the challenge demanding help from each one of us—singly, or in powerful groups. It is the challenge each of us must accept individually as being more crucial than any personal sacrifice it may entail.

If our child were in desperate danger we would not stop to count the cost of any effort to save him. This is in the same class. This is our mother—our country—which has poured out its blessings upon us so generously, and which is now in mortal danger. We must not count any personal cost.

No sacrifice of hours of voluntary service in nursing or Red Cross or home defense; no sacrifice of money for bonds; no sacrifice of business profits or labor's tolerance, not even the sacrifice of life itself, is too much to give to defend this America of ours.

And any person who withholds his effort is a traitor.

If workers stop work—even though they believe they have just grievances—they are helping the enemy.

If farmers gouge the public because they think they can, they are against America.

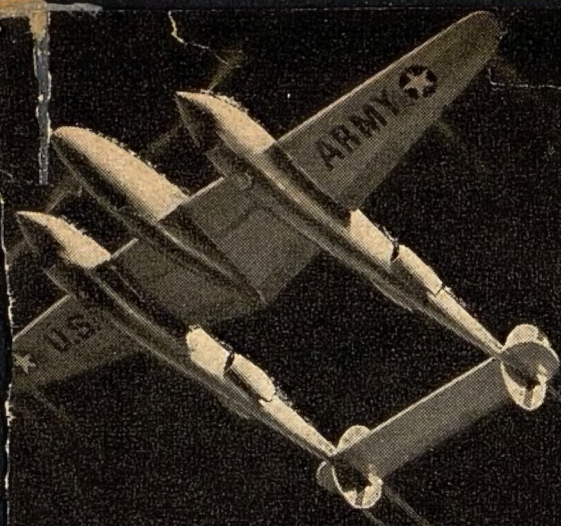
If business hesitates because it wants a better "deal," that hesitation means a lost battle.

Remember, the U. S. A. is *all* of us. It belongs to all of us. It is our hearth and our home. It is our opportunity—and our obligation.

The first responsibility of each and all of us is to *win the war*.

Don't let any of us put any personal interest before this one—and we'll keep it ours—this magnificent U. S. A.

Paul Hunter



What's all this talk about Altitude?

Aircraft have missions to perform at *various* altitudes.

All military aircraft are designed to give their best performance at some SPECIFIC altitude.

If it's WAY UP you are talking about, up as high as a fighting plane of any nation has ever sought or met an enemy, that's as much HOME as any other level to an Allison engine.

For the Allison engine, combined with

the turbo-supercharger, is the power that makes the Lockheed "Lightning" (shown above) the world leader at the highest altitudes at which planes fight.

And when comparing American fighting planes with foreign competition, don't forget that the American ships carry more weight because of their superior protective armor, heavier fire power, longer range and better instrumentation.

LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES

Allison

DIVISION OF



GREEN AIR

Sky adventure! The story of a boy who discovered that being washed out isn't the end of flying . . . or of love

BY SIDNEY HERSCHEL SMALL

READING TIME • 25 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

THE soldier driving the half truck across the desert had tried to be friendly, but Bill Talbot, also in suntans, had not responded. He was too deep in his own misery. He had just been washed out as an aviation cadet; he was on his way to a glider training detachment of the air forces.

Gliders. Ships without power. Dead things which had to be towed to get them off the ground, but, Talbot thought bitterly, the right ships for a pilot whose perceptions had been found a bit slow for combat flying.

He had stood stiffly at attention, swallowing the lump in his throat, when his C. O. had told him of the great need for glider pilots. He had known then that he had failed. The C. O.'s praise of Bill's dead-stick landings, which should make him an excellent glider pilot, had not softened the blow. And the explanation of what the Germans had accomplished in Crete and Libya, in transportation of troops and matériel by gliders, had been only a blur of words.

Washed out.

AS the truck headed toward bare, seemingly impassable hills, Bill remembered what somebody had whistled when he had been leaving the field: "He sails through the air with the greatest of ease" . . . and that was what combat pilots thought of gliding. Had Joe Morrison done the whistling? Intentionally? Morrison must have felt pretty fine on learning that Talbot was washed out; without competition, the other cadet should have less trouble in dating Anne.

Bill hadn't phoned her to say goodbye. He was positive that he knew what a girl must think of a fellow who had been washed out.

The half truck slowed down as a road runner crossed not forty feet ahead. Bird and shadow made shining purple-black streaks on the pale California desert. After the road runner had darted across, head down, the

brilliant metallic tail swung it almost at right angles. It rounded chaparral and vanished.

"That bird kills snakes, soldier," the driver said amiably.

Bill said automatically, "Nuts."

"It sees a sleepin' snake. Makes a fence around him. Then it pecks Mr. Rattler an' jumps over the fence. The snake strikes. Hits thorns. Can't get at the bird. The road runner keeps dancin' up an' down, an' the rattler keeps strikin'. Fin'lly the rattler's so damn mad he bites himself an' dies. Yep."

"If a bird attacked a snake," said Bill, "it'd fly at it."

"Funny about a road runner," the driver said. "It can't fly up. So it's got to have a tree to scramble up before it can fly down. An' there ain't no trees here." He shifted gears as the truck reached the zigzag draw through the brassy hills. "I guess it's like a glider, soldier," he grinned.

Bill said, "O. K." If men of the glider detachment made fun of the powerless ships, they must be worse than he had thought. He leaned forward. His shirt stuck to him; it was getting hotter and hotter. The soldier was staring innocently ahead. Talbot didn't blame him for the rib. Recalling the other's advances and his own abruptness, Talbot said, "I asked for it. I'm a heel. But . . . I've been pretty low. Skip it."

"Gal?"

"Partly," Bill said.

The driver said, "Tough. I lose mine when I'm transferred here. An' women just ain't at this post." The heat closed in on them as the draw narrowed. "Somebody else would have pulled the road runner one," he said. "A lot of kiddin' goes on. We got a good deal here. Quarters, men, an' officers. Yep."

A truck driver piloting! A fellow who couldn't have passed G. C. T. to keep out of a Jap prison camp. Then Bill thought, *What's the matter with me? He's a real guy. I ought to have my pants kicked.* He said, "Do we get a chance for a beer?"

The driver nodded. He, and Talbot, licked dry lips. The engine roared as the truck climbed. At each short curve the way ahead seemed blocked, but the fierce blue sky came nearer, until the V of the top cut appeared; and then Bill saw the wide sweep of the true desert.

Heat shimmered. To the right of the road, arrow-straight, was a long line

of gray-bronze pinnacles spearing skyward; to the left was gray sand and rock, gray flat shrubs, and Joshua trees like cactuses with pine needles at the ends of the arms; ahead was the blinding whiteness of a dry lake. Sand, rock, and heat, with the only visible life a single buzzard soaring over a hummock.

There was no sign of habitation until the truck reached the rise which marked what had once been lake shore; here a few houses, stores, and gas stations sprawled near oasis palms. The two soldiers had their beers. Talbot, in the dim and hot place, recalled Anne, cool, smiling, across the table from him, a glass in her hand. They had been alone. Just the two of them. And now. . . .

"Let's get out of here," Bill said abruptly.

The heat outside seemed more intense than before. What looked like a bird, high up, was a glider, soaring.

The driver said, "The boys go up mornings and evenings. An' they won't come down. Must be fun, glidin'."

Talbot was silent. He could see the field now, low rectangular buildings just erected on the flatness and as white as the desert, with the hangars near by and a swimming pool a sheet of green glass inside the quadrangle. A few power ships were in line on the field, one of them a hospital ship. The gliders were behind them.

THE truck paused at the guarded gate and was admitted. The driver said, "Good luck, soldier," and Talbot got out at headquarters.

Cool air met him as he stepped inside. He saluted and reported. The C. O. himself spoke to him. "You will train in rank, Talbot," Captain Hale said. "Fifty per cent extra as flying pay. If it seems hot here, think of the tank battalions in training not so far off." He leaned back and smiled. "Should we appear unmilitary, most of us were civilians a short time ago, and we're working like the devil to catch up with the Germans and then to get ahead of them."

Bill said, "Yes, sir."

"We intend to train many men in glider piloting, now that the restrictions as to qualifications have been removed. They will graduate as glider pilots. As lieutenants. With glider wings." Captain Hale went on, "I know how you are feeling about this assignment and gliding. Give it an honest try."

"Yes, sir," said Bill.

A staff sergeant took Talbot down a long shaded porch to a room where beds, lockers, and desks accommodated eight glider students. The room was dark and cool, and, to Bill's surprise, was called a bay. He asked the sergeant why.

"Hanged if I know," the sergeant said. "But I'd better wise you up to a few things. Now, when you're gliding and landing, you're apt to scare a bird out of the brush. It's called a road runner and it kills snakes in a funny way. It—"

"We'll get 'em!" Bill yelled.
The squat men kept shooting.



Bill sat down on the bed. "I know," he said. "The road runner drinks a lot of water and then it goes looking for a rattlesnake which, because it is asleep, has not had a drink for quite a while. The road runner awakens the rattler and makes believe it has a broken wing. The snake chases it out into the desert and finally dies of thirst. Right, sergeant?"

Sergeant Jones blinked. He said, "That'll cost you a beer. I hope you have the rope around your neck, soldier."

"What rope?" Bill asked.

"You'll find out. Flight instruction at four."

Books were on each desk, and small photographs; Anne's was in Bill's bag. Outside, gliders were in line. Bill marked rudders and vertical stabilizers, ailerons and flaps, elevators and horizontal stabilizers. . . . What gliders lacked was power. All they could do was float. Sail through the air. Sharp perceptions and guts were not necessary, or so Bill thought.

To make matters worse for him, he heard the roar of motors. The sound grew and then diminished. Bill was certain he knew exactly what the pilot must be thinking when glancing down at the earth-bound gliders.

I'll get back up there, he told himself desperately. *I won't say a word to Anne until I make it.* Since there was only one possible chance of doing this, by convincing his C. O. that Bill Talbot could fly gliders so well that he rated power-ship training again, Bill picked up a book on soaring. He was reading grimly when the other students of the bay came in noisily.

THEY were a good bunch. Case, Sommers, Tex Smith, and the others all knew that he had been washed out, Bill felt, and were therefore talking up glider operation and performance to pep him up. They were all tanned, eager, and in top shape. At last, as they talked, they had Bill wondering if they didn't mean what they were saying. They were terribly keen about what they were doing.

"How long will it be before I go up?" Bill asked.

Sommers said, "Today. Our C. O. works fast. You'll be sweating out a thermal before you know it. That means cruising around and praying for a column of warm air to take you higher."

"Like you found yesterday," Tex jeered. He tossed a pack of cigarettes to Talbot. "He didn't come down until one in the morning, and then he landed short of the line. The rope looked beautiful on him."

"What do you mean by rope?" Bill asked. "The sergeant mentioned it—"

"He would," every one chorused.

Some one was shouting, "All out!" and Talbot, grabbing up his new sun helmet as did the others, hurried with them. In line, on the field, he listened to a captain giving orders, and saw soldier after soldier in sun-tans and helmets assigned to gliders or ordered to hangar duties.

The sound of engines being warmed.

behind the hangars could only be made by slow training ships. Wasn't it fairly certain that some day an additional pilot would be needed for them? And wouldn't the C. O. think of Talbot? Then, if he produced, mightn't he be recommended for return to combat-flight training?

A stocky soldier was speaking to him. "I'm Hendricks," Bill heard. "Instructor. Just another soldier. The captain says you've flown plenty. So you'll be instructing mighty quick, too. A lot of men want in. Hope we don't get kept at teaching. We all want action, eh?"

Bill almost said, "Action? The only difference between gliding here and in Egypt or China would be the scenery. There isn't action, isn't danger. Combat ships clear the air before gliders are used, and bombers knock out land defenses." But he said, "Yes, everybody wants action."

A TRAINER taxied out. The rope behind it was connected to a glider, and in tandem power ship and glider crossed the field. It appeared to Bill as if both were off the ground at the same moment.

Hendricks was explaining, "Glider stays out of the backwash. Now watch over to the left. Formation flying. One plane towing three gliders. Tricky, but easy when you get the hang of it." He shouted above the increasing roar of engines, "We can talk better when we're up. Let's go."

The cockpit into which Talbot climbed, with Hendricks in the other, contained familiar instruments, but none of those having anything to do with power. Placed squarely before him, as if of tremendous importance in glider flying, was a variometer, green column indicating ascent; red column, descent.

Almost before Talbot's eyes had swept over the dials, the glider was being towed across the sun-baked field. It was balanced on its one small wheel. The wooden skid was off the ground.

Bill Talbot fought down the exultant feeling of leaving the earth, because he ought not to be feeling it in this inanimate ship. They were up. The instructor had the glider above the backwash. Up and up. Higher and higher.

Hendricks released the towrope, which trailed along behind the power ship. With the drag of the glider gone, the speed of the aircraft ahead increased and soon it banked sharply and began the return to pick up another glider. Its pilot waved as he darted back past the powerless ship.

Bill, staring at desert and rocky pinnacles and at a sky which was changing to silver and hot maroon in the west, began to experience something entirely new and utterly different. The glider was slipping along in silence. *Damn it,* thought Talbot, *this is more like real flying than anything I've ever done. It's like being a bird. Not a small bird. A huge one. An eagle.*

Hendricks said, speaking in a normal voice since there was no need

to shout, "Take over, Talbot. We'll look for a column of warm air. Sweat out a thermal. When we find one I'll tell you what to do."

Warm air, Bill knew, would cause the glider to rise. He began experimenting, and the smooth action of the glider in response made him whistle softly.

It was a full half hour, during which Hendricks explained glider flight and sometimes made a suggestion, before Bill felt a surging upward.

"That's it," his instructor said instantly. "Start spiraling, Talbot. Short spirals. Fine. Up we go!"

The glider soared. Fascinated, Bill watched the earth flatten and lose shape; the glider no longer seemed powerless but as if every force of nature had become its engine. "It gets you," Bill said honestly. He no longer felt like a slow-motion pilot. His spirits surged upward, one with the glider.

"This is green air," Hendricks said. "The ascent column of the variometer is responsible for the name. Red air takes you down. Yes, it does get you."

Talbot began to learn the possibilities of gliding, and found the performance as remarkable as Cuban eights, chandelles, splitesses, vertical reversements. Hendricks had him swerve the glider northward, so Bill could find the ridge currents along the top of the mountains, so he could feel, and avoid, the downdraft along the flanks of the rocky peaks. And there was always time in which to learn the topography, as important to a glider pilot as to a flyer in a power ship. When the instructor finally said, "Time, Bill," Talbot no longer wondered why the students hated to return to the field.

And he felt very fine when Hendricks said, "Nice going. You might as well land the ship. Just as if it were a dead-stick landing. Come down in a long gradual descent. Easy. When we are near the field, you'll see two white lines. Let's see if you can bring the glider to a stop between them. Try not to undershoot."

As Hendricks continued to give instructions, the glider slowly lost altitude. Green and red lights flashed alternately at the field; these, Hendricks said, were signaling the gliders to return.

WITH the flaps retarding speed, Bill put the glider into a slow effortless descent. Lower and lower. He could see the parallel white lines as he crossed the field, banked, turned with left rudder and approached the field again, astonished at the response of the glider. Then, leveling off, as Hendricks directed quietly, the ship's single wheel made almost imperceptible contact until the skid braked it and it sledged forward, with dust rising. The nose of the glider almost touched one of the parallel lines.

"Undershot a trifle," said Hendricks, climbing out. "Damned good. The next job is to argue these hyenas out of . . . Here they come."

(Continued on page 40)



Oregon shipyard workers enjoying their noon-hour entertainment. The entertainers are mostly fellow workers.

30,000 BELLYYACHERS

**An inspiring, eye-opening look at what's behind
the American way of building ships for victory**

BY MEL ARNOLD

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

HE doused the hissing, spurting flame of the welding torch and jerked a thumb toward the metal-helmeted workmen a few paces away.

"Now ya see what I mean," he growled. "They're all the time in our way. Sure we made a world's record here at Oregon—launching a Liberty ship twenty-six days after slapping the keel down. Sure we've been launching a 420-foot-long ship every seventy-two hours or better. And with our two new yards now moving, we're shooting for output three times faster than *that*. But if only those ship fitters would get out of the way of us welders we'd show 'em some real speed."

H'mm. This ship-fitter situation needed checking up. I stepped over and asked one of them how the job was moving along. He squinted suspiciously at the intruder, then read the word "Press" on my yellow cardboard pass, and snorted:

"Just get those layout men out of our way and you'd have some plenty fast shipbuilding around here."

He turned back to his work, and I hunted up a layout man to learn why

he was holding up the ship fitters, who, it seemed, were holding up the welders.

By the time I had made the rounds of a shipyard covering 271 acres—hiking from eight thirty in the morning to five in the evening—I found out what sets world records in shipbuilding.

It's bellyaching.

Yes, it's good old-fashioned American beefing about the guy on the next job, and about guys in similar jobs in other parts of the country.

The pipe fitters complained about the alleged slowness of the ship fitters; the ship fitters about the marine machinists; the marine machinists about the painters; the painters about the electricians.

And meantime the Oregon Shipbuilding Corporation keeps rolling along, turning out big freighters faster than they've ever been turned out before. In this one yard there are 30,000 employees—and close to 30,000 bellyachers. In their complaining you will find the stuff of victory.

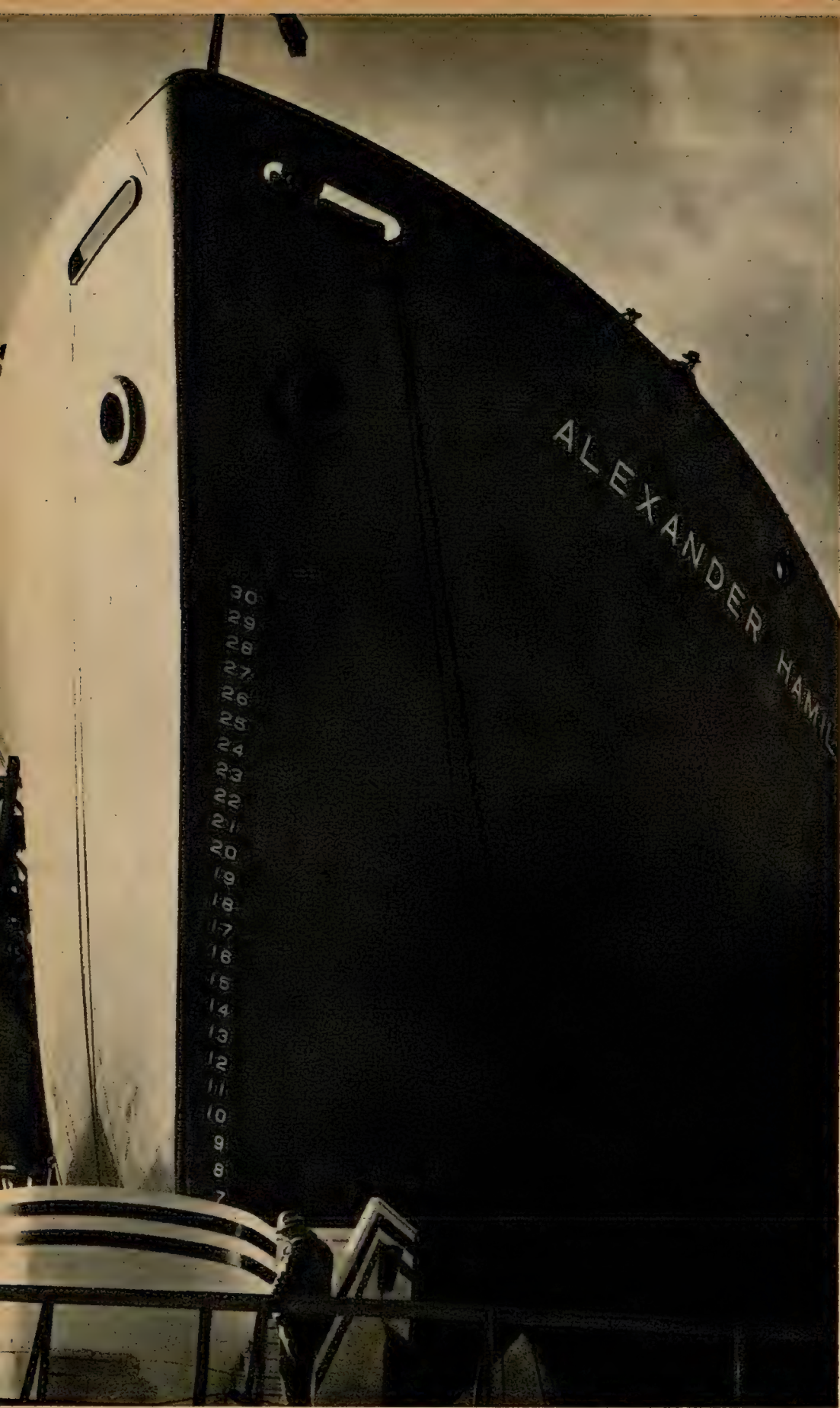
Because these workers register "kicks" about the crew ahead of them, thousands of shipyard employees in other American shipyards are daily

confronted with huge signs reading: "BEAT OREGON!"

At this writing it happens that another shipyard has, for the moment, beaten Oregon—another Kaiser shipyard, one at Richmond, California. The day after Oregon made that twenty-six-day record, Richmond slid a Liberty ship into San Francisco Bay in twenty-four days. But even as it did so Henry Kaiser was predicting that within a few months his yards would be launching 'em in *eighteen* days. Keep that in mind—and keep your eye on bellyaching Oregon!

Uncle Sam is banking on the irrepressible Oregon workmen to turn out ships at a staggering clip in the desperate race against U-boat losses. When the great Oregon yard began production, the Maritime Commission hopefully set a goal for this and other American shipyards to shoot at: 105 days from keel laying to delivery. The Oregon workmen took the goal as a personal challenge. Early in the yard's career they set a world's record for delivering a Liberty ship—eighty days from keel laying to completion.

Then *this* figure became a new bogey, and records toppled in rapid succession until, early this summer, the Thomas Bailey Aldrich was delivered into service just forty-six days after the keel plates were laid. The yard completed its first contract of forty-three ships *nine months* ahead of the contract date. Not long ago a batch of nine ships was delivered in an average of fifty-four days each.



Here's a typical Liberty ship, the Alexander Hamilton, on the ways before launching.

These Liberty ships displace 14,000 tons. Their cargo-carrying capacity is almost 10,000 tons. Each Liberty ship can swallow the cargo of *several* trainloads of eighty cars each!

A few months ago the Maritime Commission decided to award a Flag of Merit to the outstanding shipyard in America. "Why, of course they gave it to us," say the Oregon Shipbuilding workers. Then, even though this yard builds no navy ships, the United States Navy awarded Oregon Shipbuilding Corporation the prized "E." As this is written, the Oregon plant is the only yard in America flying both Maritime Commission flag and Navy "E."

Yes, these workmen are good—and they know it! They're not obnoxious

about it, and you wouldn't say they put on airs. But if you happen to be in a tavern frequented by workers from all of Portland's shipyards, you'll notice that when a man tells a neighbor, "I work at Oregon," he says it in a way that means "I'm a world-beater—and don't forget it!"

You get the impression that if a fellow works for any other shipyard in the country he might be fairly good as shipworkers go, but of course he *couldn't* be in the same class as the record-smashers of Oregon Ship!

At first, all this world's-record business left me baffled. After all, Oregon Ship was competing against old established shipyards in other parts of the country—shipyards that had experi-

enced crews to work with. As a Portlander, I knew that this huge shipyard had started from scratch on some bare mud flats less than a year and a half ago. I knew also that in Portland there was no big pool of trained shipworkers to draw on. To find out where Oregon Ship got the men to perform these production miracles, I looked up Bill Blewett, personnel man.

He reached over to a cabinet and picked up a handful of file cards. He riffled through them, calling off the former occupations of employees who are now working in just one department—the pipe-fitting shop.

"Bartender, woodworker, farmer, chauffeur, truck driver, orchardist, barber, steward, truck farmer, baker, salesman, policeman, pipe fitter, cattleman, grocer, school teacher, salesman . . ."

HE picked out another handful of cards, thumbed through more slowly, and found the name of various men he knew.

"Here's a card on our oldest employee," he said. "The boys call him Dad Carter. When he first applied for a job, we turned him down. He came out to the yard with fire in his eye and demanded an explanation. One of our personnel men looked up his registration card and read off Dad's age as ninety-five. Dad blew up. 'That's a lie!' he said. 'I'm only eighty-five. And even if I *were* ninety-five, I'd show up some of these young bucks!' Today he's in charge of welders' keys. A half century ago he published a newspaper in a hard-drinking, fast-shooting town near Portland. When the big city swallowed the town in the 1890s, he made for Alaska. But when the war brought a need for production soldiers, Dad was back in Portland, ready for action.

"Now, here's a card on a completely different type of shipbuilder—a ballet master, Alexander Oumansky. He came to America thirty years ago as a member of the Diaghileff Russian Ballet, and toured the country with Nijinsky. Later Oumansky was a solo dancer with the Metropolitan Opera and a ballet master on Broadway, in London and in Hollywood. He works now in the basement of the general stores building at the shipyard. The other day he worked out a new system of storing pipe brackets.

"Then there is bearded 'Brother Jonathan,' former preacher and later a professional wrestler, who swings a twenty-pound steel mallet 450 times in a fifteen-minute stretch, working red-hot girders into curved shapes. Brother Jonathan—J. D. Heaton—first took a job as a burner, but found this too soft. He asked for the toughest job in the yard, and now he swings his sledge eight hours a day, helping us speed production.

"One of our proudest additions is Del Von Zeuthen, who was a volunteer airman in the Chinese Army for nineteen months—until he absorbed so much Japanese lead that he was grounded.

"Charles Lautrup, who conducted

symphony orchestras in Australia, San Francisco, and Portland, is here with a third of the members of the old Portland Philharmonic. Lautrup is doing his part as an engineer's aide.

"Another world traveler is Bill Everett, who spent seventeen months with Admiral Byrd on his first polar expedition to Little America. Now he is drawing on his nautical experience in the rigging of Liberty ships.

"In the electrical shop you'll find Captain John S. Eley, a West Pointer with eleven foreign decorations. One of the earliest airplane pilots now living, he learned to fly in 1907 and flew in the Lafayette Escadrille.

"Slim Wintermute's six feet eight inches helped the University of Oregon win the 1939 national collegiate basketball championship. Before every game the coach would have Slim spend several minutes nonchalantly reaching up and depositing the ball in the basket, while the opposing team worked up a good case of jitters. Now his height comes in good stead in hoisting pipe and steel."

I listened in amazement. So these were the occupations of the men who are "showing their sterns" to every other gang of shipbuilders on earth! When I asked Bill Blewett what magic was used to transform this miscellany of man power into a high-speed, well co-ordinated team, he took me on a hike to "visit school." We found classes in nearly every cranny of the giant yard. Some were in comfortable well lighted classrooms, but many more were listening to and watching instructors while gathered in little groups under shipways and in shops.

A big measure of the credit for the outstanding success of this yard must go to the intensive schooling programs carried out by the shipbuilding company itself and also by the Portland public-school system. Thousands upon thousands of clerks and farmers and salesmen have kept up their civilian jobs in the daytime while pounding away six hours a night, six days a week, in a classroom or school shop. Fourteen thousand have enrolled for classes held in the shipyard. They spend two hours a day after completing their regular shift in the yard. The novices are first drilled in the

names of ship parts, then in blueprint reading, and finally in craft specialties.

Matching the enthusiasm of the workers is the daring of the engineers. In the Oregon Shipbuilding yard, and in its two new sister plants near by, you will find some of the most spectacular engineering that has ever blasted the traditions of an old and respected industry. One of these new plants covers the former Swan Island Airport in Portland, and the other is across the Columbia River in the Washington State city of Vancouver. Big chief of the three yards is Henry J. Kaiser, the miracle worker of the West who built the globe-tipping Grand Coulee dam—the earth's biggest structure since the construction of the Chinese Wall. Henry Kaiser is also renowned as a key figure in the erection of the Boulder, Bonneville, and Shasta dams and the San Francisco Bay bridge.

BREATH-TAKING innovations are to be expected from such an operator and the engineering staff he has built up. But even members of the Kaiser organization are startled by such a bold stroke as the greatest single piece of prefabrication in modern shipbuilding. This involves assembling a forty-seven-room deckhouse, weighing 200 tons, and hoisting it by the two biggest cranes in any Liberty shipyard to the deck of a completed hull. There the deckhouse—complete from plumbing to electric fixtures—is welded to the deck. The Kaiser organization put up, in its new Vancouver yard, a building in which workmen can assemble seven deckhouses simultaneously.

In the more leisurely days of the first World War, ships were built largely by piecemeal. A workman would mark out a pattern on the deck of a ship; go ashore and pick out a piece of steel to fit it; have the steel hauled to a press, where rivet holes would be punched; then have it hauled to the shipway and rivet it in place.

The new system employs far fewer men in the shipway itself but many more in the shops out in the yard. Under the old system only 1,000 men could work on a ship at a time. Today 2,500 are mobilized around each ship.

This spreading out of the work is showing its worth in a revolutionary pipe-assembly system worked out by Superintendent Chester Spiering. Until the new system was developed, the eleven and a half miles of piping in every Liberty ship formed the greatest single bottleneck. Spiering lifted the pipe-assembly job out of the hull and into a long two-story shop. In this shop he built metal frameworks which duplicate the actual pipe openings and fittings on the ship's machinery and equipment. Fast crews bend the pipe in snakelike forms, put on flanges, and weld the connections—using the frameworks as accurate reproductions of the ship's innards. The process not only has relieved the "traffic congestion" in the cramped machinery room of the hulls but also has cut down welding time by a sensational eighty per cent.

These innovations may be miracles of machinery. But the son of builder Henry Kaiser, young Edgar Kaiser, who heads the operations in the Portland area, is the first to admit that machines alone cannot win this race against the Axis. He says, "Whether we live up to the fastest schedule in shipbuilding history is up to the men. It's a matter of morale."

The matchless morale of the "30,000 bellyachers working for victory" in the Oregon Shipbuilding yard was dramatized recently at the first all-Negro ship launching in Maritime Commission history. It occurred after the name of Walter Harris, Negro swing-shift janitor, happened to be drawn in the big "sponsor lottery." The names of all employees are regularly tossed into two barrels, and then the winners are awarded the honor of sponsoring a ship.

As the thousands of fellow workers cheered Janitor Harris' simple, moving speech, he pointed to the large American flag which was slowly being raised over the ship's bow, and called out:

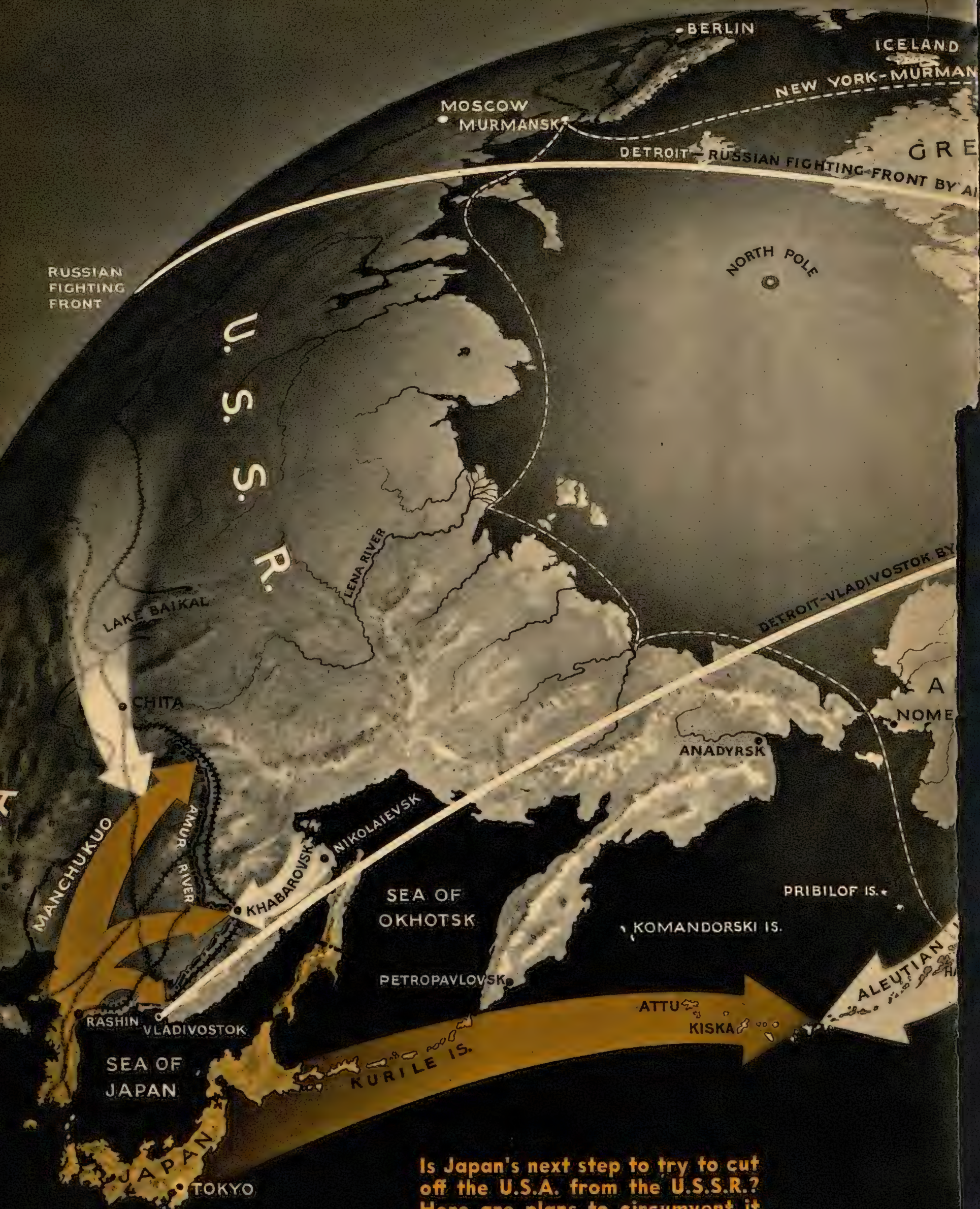
"We have set the pace for all America. Look at Old Glory there! Boys, the thing we have to do now is to keep the bullets flying and the sky full of bombers and the sea full of ships—to keep Old Glory flying."

THE END

Henry J. Kaiser, "miracle worker of the West," points out to his wife details of a miracle worked in the Oregon Shipbuilding yard.

As the ship William Clark slides into the water of the Willamette River, the keel plates for another ship are lowered into position.





THE COMING WAR IN THE NORTH

Analysis by **LEONARD ENGEL**

Map by **A. LEYDENFROST**

WHEN the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, their purpose was to prevent a westward move by the United States fleet while they drove south to the Indies. Their strategy worked. They quickly seized all of southeast Asia. In the long run, however, the real menace to the Japs comes from another direction, the north.

On most maps, Alaska seems as far from Tokyo as Honolulu. Dutch Harbor, on Unalaska Island in the Aleutian chain, is actually more than 1,100 miles nearer the enemy capital. Attu, an island at the tip of the Aleutians now held by the enemy, lies only 2,100 miles northeast of Tokyo. And directly north is Stalin's Siberia. Russia and Japan are not formally at war, but the Soviet Union has as little use for Nipponese war lords as for Nazis.

The seizure of Attu and Kiska by the Japanese last spring was the first step in plans which call for cutting the U. S. A. and U. S. S. R. off from each other and ultimately for conquering both Alaska and eastern Siberia. With Attu and Kiska in their hands, the Japs already threaten the route to Petropavlovsk, the only Siberian port not behind the screen of Japanese islands, and the northwest route to Murmansk.

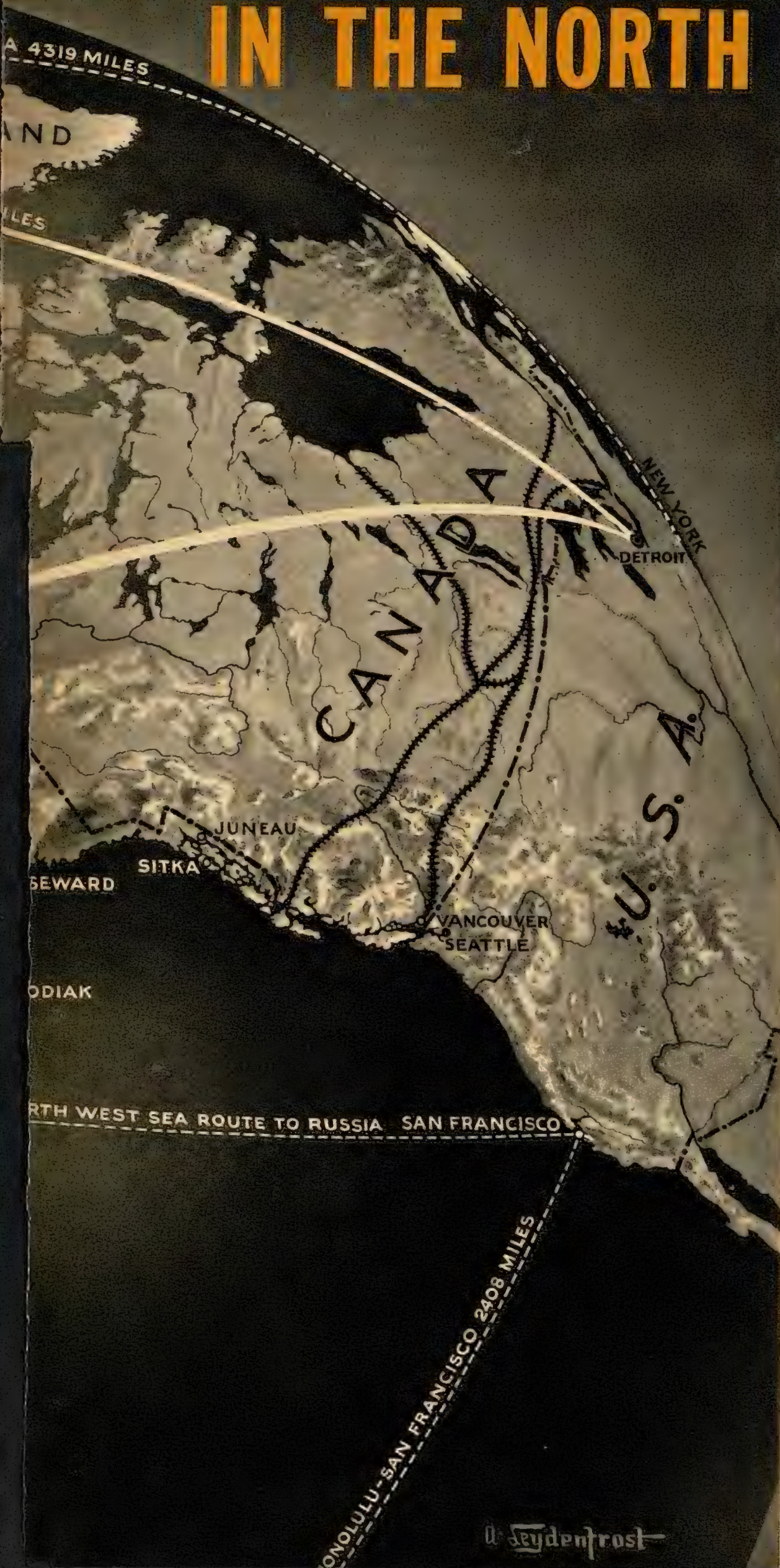
The Alaskan mainland has few roads and fewer railroads. Many districts are connected with each other only by boat, as though they were islands. Consequently, the Japanese plan a campaign which, in both the Aleutians and Alaska itself, is to resemble the island-by-island conquest of the Indies.

In north Asia, the Japanese hope to cut eastern Siberia off from the rest of the U. S. S. R. by twin northeastward drives from Manchuria to the Sea of Okhotsk. Other Japanese units are simultaneously to attack Vladivostok from Rashkin, a new Jap army-and-navy base in Korea, thirty miles from the Siberian border.

In Siberia, a strong force guards the Amur River frontier. The strategy it proposes to follow, dictated by geography, is no secret. The Russians plan two blitz drives: one, southeast from Chita, to cut behind the Japanese in Manchukuo; and the other southwest from Khabarovsk, to split them. The Soviets would find a long defensive campaign difficult because of Siberia's complete dependence for long-distance heavy transportation on the Trans-Siberian railroad.

Even if we are unable to retake Attu and Kiska before the Japanese attack Siberia, we can circumvent the enemy threat by air transport. Vladivostok is only 6,500 air miles from Detroit, our key production center; by the shortest land and sea routes it's more than 1,000 miles farther. We may be flying such routes now. We surely will be soon.

THE END



A. Leydenfrost

Marta seemed to know there's
a time to be done with talk-
ing. She walked into my arms.



A LAST LOOK AROUND

Back in the town where he grew up, Tod Mackay found a girl—The searching story of a sentimental journey

BY STANLEY PAUL

READING TIME • 16 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

IN all the weeks that I had dropped in on him, the three-striper had been meticulously polite and studiously remote. Now that I had taken the oath and had ceased to be a civilian, he shook my hand and was as cordial as cognac.

"Good luck, good shooting, and happy landings, Mr. Mackay." I was in the navy now. "You have two weeks to wind up your affairs. Oh, don't thank me; it will take that time for your appointment to get through and your orders to arrive."

Two weeks. I needed only four days to break loose from Raoul and Rensley, that New York firm of architects in which I had recently won a junior partnership; to give various predatory females a final whirl—with no tears involved; to suspend my club memberships, to turn off the gas and light, to pay outstanding bills, to see my bankers and lawyers, to make a will . . . and then there were ten days to go. But go where?

Out of a newspaper I was using for padding came my decision—my hometown paper, the Weekly Register, to which I subscribed but seldom read. I was loyal to the good old Register. As a kid I had flung it from my bicycle against the doors of the best homes in Delafield. A twelfth carbon copy of a metropolitan gossip writer had it right there in the page I was about to crumple:

"It would be less than a complete surprise to their friends if Marta Howard and Farnsworth Baxter should announce their betrothal within the next few weeks."

I hadn't been back to that Midwest Delafield for five years; nor, for that matter, had I wanted to go back. It was only a place which my aching ambition had urged me to get away from. Delafield didn't mean a thing to me after mother died.

Nor did I mean a thing to Delafield. I'd been just an odd-job boy after the Legion buried my dad, and I was glad

to thumb my way out of it. And I knew now I had never been missed. Who would remember a nondescript, lean, hungry-looking kid with an unmanageable cowlick? Who would associate him with a guy who had grown tall, had filled out to his inches? Certainly not Marta.

She came back to me in a series of unfilled pictures which had crowded my juvenile mind. The way she smiled at me when I was polishing the stag on the Howards' front lawn; how she had laughed when my overalls got caught in the lawn mower; the way she thanked me when I flung my papers to the porch. Then that last picture of her, when, as valedictorian of our class, she had looked life full in the face, her hair sweeping back from her broad brow, her eyes alight as if she had caught the secret of all mysteries. Marta, to me then, was everything. But I was just the boy who clipped the grass, who raked the leaves, who cleared the snow from the pathways, and she was Johnson Howard's daughter and he was Howard Aircraft Motors.

Much had happened to me in five years. Now on the threshold of a success as assured as a partnership in the House of Morgan, I was slanting back home. It wasn't Marta; she had worked out her own life as I worked out mine, and now marriage was in the cards for her. It wasn't nostalgia, because there were no compelling ties. I couldn't explain it, save that if my last look at America must be filmed in my memory, I wanted it to be the place in which I had grown up and, I admitted grudgingly, which had given me those qualities which had made me what I was before I delivered myself to the navy.

I TOOK the Limited west. Usually it doesn't stop at Delafield but rockets past with a derisive hoot. It stopped for me because I pulled strings before I stepped aboard. The Limited's reluctant pause at Delafield couldn't go unnoticed, and I wasn't at the Mansion House fifteen minutes before the telephone rang. It was Jim Archer, who published the Register.

Jim was glad to accept my invitation to a drink. He recognized me in a vague way but preferred to view me as a prodigal returned not for the fatted calf but to feel the native clay beneath his feet after an extended joust with the Big City. I didn't tell him I was

storing up recollections which must sustain me in far places; I didn't tell him I was a flyer awaiting orders. I was just a guy going through.

Then I asked him about an old friend or two and I listened without much interest until Marta Howard's name came out.

"She gets around a lot with Farney Baxter," he said as he sipped his drink.

"Farney Baxter," I pondered. "Can't seem to place him."

He drew deep on his liquor. "You should remember Farney. He's production manager at her father's plant. The contracts old man Howard has require considerable expansion. They're turning out a new air-cooled motor that's a wow."

To be sure: a fat little kid who went off to Exeter and then—just about the time I shed the Delafield dust—was breaking into Princeton.

JIM was in an unctuous mood. I braced him. "As editor of the Register you are, of course, a member of the Country Club."

"Sure. I'm a director."

"Would it be asking too much of you to sign me for a ten-day guest card?"

Eager to demonstrate enterprise, he picked up the phone and fixed it.

"By the way," he said as he hung up, "there's a big dance there tomorrow night. Try to make it."

That was funny too, because a few years ago I *had* to make it. Before the dance I had to set the potted palms, and then, before the guests arrived, help out in the kitchen. I had never seen a club dance close up. Now Jim Archer was my sponsor and he gave the impression that I had granted him a privilege. He introduced me to every one as an old-time home boy who had beaten the metropolis to its knees.

Then I saw Marta and everything else became unimportant. She hadn't changed, unless to grow lovelier. The same head of yellow, the same slow sweet smile—perhaps a greater gravity in her eyes. She was dancing now with Farney Baxter. I strode over and cut in with all the calm assurance of one who had made a career of cutting in. Baxter gazed at me dazedly and exchanged a look with her about the intruder. The gravity of her eyes yielded to amusement as she slid into my arms.

"And, Miss Howard," I asked, as we clicked into step, "how have you been all these years?"

"All these years?" She looked upward then and her voice was a snatch of melody; her eyes were the clearest hazel, with low-burning lovely soft lights. "Who *are* you?" she asked then.

"I'm Tod Mackay. Remember? I used to mow the lawn."

I didn't say it with humility or apology. It was in the spirit of frankness. She held me off from her.

With her hands on my arms she shook me. "Indeed I do remember. You were the brat who sprayed my May party dress. You absolute wretch,

and am I glad I caught up with you!" "Tell you what," I suggested. "Let's have a drink to pledge the reunion—and you can poison mine, just to make things even."

I noticed her completing the inventory in that contemplative way women have as we made our way out to the bar. When the drinks were served she said, "Tell me all about yourself, Tod." Tod, no less! They don't call you by your favorite name so quickly and they don't ask you to tell all if they expect you are going to be dull.

The way I told it, it wasn't dull. It had been a swell parade from the time I left the home town. She seemed to take a delight in filling in gaps which I felt might be exhibitionist and, as I should, I deprecated her way of magnifying circumstances. But she made me think I was one outstanding guy.

"MARTA," I said—Marta came naturally now—"Marta, let's do something important. What do you say we dance?"

This time she danced with me. I mean *with* me, and from there on they could bring on their war. Everything was worth-while. I knew now I could sit at the controls whether in Australia, in the Aleutians, in Japan, anywhere. I had something to remember for always any place on the planet.

At noon the telephone rang. It was, bless her heart, Marta. Would I come for dinner? There'd be just her father and herself.

That was a night. I'd done many things outside this house from clipping hedges to treating a dog for distemper. Now I was sitting inside it, being offered bread and salt, and old Johnson Howard making a fuss over me.

Over the cordials I found out what he was after. Being an architect and one of such an outstanding firm as Raoul and Rensley, I might have some ideas about housing the new workmen the motor works would have to hire. Johnson Howard wanted to do handsomely by them. Not a makeshift but something which, in the postwar period, would hold the men to their homes. He had a great vision for the period following the war.

That set me off like a bomb. Houses have always excited me, large or small, temporary or permanent. I was a fireball. Before leaving, I offered to walk the grounds with him the following afternoon so as to get some rough sketches out of it. He was abjectly grateful, Johnson Howard, to me, Tod Mackay, who as a kid had built a dog kennel for his Rex.

The clock had struck eleven before the sudden truth hit me. No longer was I in architecture; *I was in the navy*. Marta drove me home and she took the long way. At the top of Breed's Hill she silenced the motor and we gazed out at the town before us, the town in which we both had grown up. Lights doused out, now here, now there. Delafield was putting itself to bed. Over the low hills a veil of snow slanted. Through the closed car the night wind found its way. Snow gathered on the hood as we smoked.

I couldn't see her in the dark but I felt her eyes on me. She spoke: "Tod, you're altogether different from the men I know here."

That was a hard one to answer. I said nothing.

"You've got so much vitality, and so much interest in all these terrific things that are going on around us."

Still there was nothing to say. Without words we puffed away at our cigarettes. Out of the pause and the dark she said:

"I'd love to live in one of those houses you've described."

The moment called for flippancy. "Why don't you and Farney sign up for a lease?"

"Oh, Farney," she laughed. "He's a good lad; he's kind and he's decent. He's nice too, and as faithful as a St. Bernard, but he's hardly the type I'd like to play house with." The smoke of another puff drifted across the windshield. She pulled herself up abruptly. "Tod, you've known me a long time and I believe you can understand. Here I am, somewhere about twenty-five years old, and I'm on the seeking list in an intense but fully honest way. I'm the poor little rich girl who'd just like to settle down as my mother did at my age, to have children, to bake pies, and wait under a rose-arched doorway for my man to come home. He'd be tired but glad, glad above everything else because I'd be waiting for him. There you have it; now go ahead and laugh."

Solemnly I said to her, "Believe me, I'm not laughing." I turned on the ignition and set the car for home. Neither of us said a word. I couldn't. She had sketched what I wanted most out of life, all of it. But I had put life behind me. Our farewells were shabby makeshifts; we, both of us, were too self-conscious.

ALL three of us worked like the devil that week. We marked off plots, planned out heating mains and light lines, solved the sanitation problems, sketched in the landscaping and worked out the priorities. Johnson Howard was grateful, very grateful, to the fellow who had spaded up his lawn while a patch in his pants showed.

He said, "I only wish I could have you out here." I gazed sidelong at Marta, but she looked away. "I wish I had caught you on the way up, Tod, when a thing like this might have appealed to you."

As carefully as I could I told him I could not enter into any commitments for myself or my firm. I gave him the names of some good fellows in Chicago.

The days went by. Marta and I. I and Marta. With other people thrown in. Dinner at this house; cocktails at that; sunrise, bacon and eggs at another place. We skated on Red Wing pond and danced to the juke box at the Greek's. Offside, there was Farney Baxter hanging around—not knowing—not worried.

About what? This climax which was creeping up, and fast, on Marta and me. It was there! You almost could touch it. Yet, with Superman restraint I held myself away from her, although my eyes were on the stars.

The coasting party came two nights before my leave was up. A wonderful night it was for coasting, sable black, with only the crystal of the stars and the snow and the promise of a moon to supersede the faint glow back of the

"A gentleman with a lump on his head to see you, sir!"



east running hills. It was a party which made kids of all of us again, however far from adolescence our ages were.

There was a fire, with Farney playing chef, and a radio picking up a band, and a bobsled, and some toboggans, and a little flyer. After we'd been down a few times, Marta took the rope of the little flexible and said, "Come on, Tod. Let's you and me try this."

We walked up the hill together, and just before we shoved off she said, "I'll dare you to take the left fork at the cart path by the oak. It leads out onto the pond."

I wasn't taking any dares, so I pushed the bar to the left coming down on the oak, and by some slight miracle we made it and went careening off down the deep alder slope. The stinging tears were nearly blinding me by the time we whirled out over the ice. We spun a couple of times where the ice was smooth and bare and finally crunched to a stop on the opposite bank.

"Wasn't that fun!" she cried, sitting sideways, and then turned, her face inches from mine. I ducked it at first by taking my glove off and pulling a handkerchief out and offering it to her for her eyes and then taking it back for my own.

I couldn't duck it any longer. After a sudden silence we were reaching for each other like two people who'd been crossing wastelands for years and suddenly encountered each other. I took her in my arms. For the first time we kissed.

It was sweet. It was exciting. It was everything. It turned me all upside down. Did you ever kiss a girl in January out in the middle of nowhere with the mercury hanging just over ten? Was there ever anything so warm as willing lips on a night like that? Ever anything so soft and smooth and sweet as a girl's round cheek against your own?

It was real, and I knew suddenly I'd done with dreaming.

"SAY something, Tod," she murmured low.

I didn't say anything; I couldn't. I hadn't counted on this.

"Please," she whispered, snuggling closer.

"Say what?" I guess it didn't sound very responsive. I didn't mean to make it short or harsh, but my heart was clogging up my throat.

"Oh!" She drew away a little. Brighter than any stars in that bright sky were her eyes, bewildered and hurt.

"Let's go back," I suggested.

Marta turned from me. "Yes, let's." There was contempt in her voice. We went back. We didn't say another word.

I half expected the next morning to hear from her. I had invited the whole crowd to be my guests at a farewell dinner that night. Then I was making the midnight train. I thought she might call up and say that she and her father wouldn't come to my party. But

she didn't. I packed my things before I left the hotel and had them sent to the station. Then I checked out and went to this party of mine.

Marta and her father came late. To me, she looked lovelier than ever. She hadn't worn the corsage I'd sent, but she thanked me for it when we danced. I decided that dance had better be the last one for me and Marta. She was too beautiful to take, so closely held.

I tried awfully hard to go around feeling glad about repaying all the

QUESTIONS

1. If a sailor speaks of a "three-striper," to what rank is he referring?

2. The "Kid" flies through the air with the greatest of ease. Who is he and what is he doing?

3. 250,000 employees of "Big Steel" received a wage increase recently. Just what is "Big Steel"?

4. What is the name of the largest battleship ever launched?

5. People with reddened eyes and many sneezes would do well to visit Duluth. Why?

6. Can you name three girls whom song writers have called "sweet"?

7. Remembers washbuckling Doug Fairbanks? In what way is his son putting some of dad's exploits into practice?

8. Complete this sentence: "There are no atheists in -----."

9. Can you recall three slang terms derived from names of food?

10. Railroads are an important part of any nation's war effort. Does the whole world's railroad mileage total approximately 50,000 miles, 400,000, or 600,000?

11. Where and what is Stewart Field?

12. A prominent public official was an aviator in World War I. Who?

13. Does S O S mean "Save Our Ship"?

14. Three gals have something in common: Rapunzel, Godiva, and Veronica Lake. What is it?

15. What does *Mein Kampf* mean?

16. Who built the Boulder, Grand Coulee, and Bonneville dams?

17. Do you know the writer of *Over There*?

18. What baseball player drew a storm of criticism last month for protesting the decision of an official scorer?

19. Who said the object of the war was to make sure every one might have the privilege of drinking a quart of milk a day?

20. Can you name three heavyweight boxing champions now in uniform?

(Answers will be found on page 40)

hospitality that had been shown me—but no matter which way I looked at it, a happy feeling just wouldn't come.

I began my farewells early. I said a casual good-bye to each lady when we danced, and quiet good-bys to the men when we drank. I wanted to get out and be gone and have done with it.

Folks said things like, "Come back soon," and "Next time you'll have to stay with us, Tod." And I said, "Sure," and "Thank you," and did my best to make it gay.

I said good-bye to Marta's father in a hallway. He made a sort of Custer's last stand. "See here, Tod," he said, and growled around in his throat a little. "Perhaps I can make a proposition that would interest you on the construction you and I've discussed. Six per cent on all specifications. Hah-rum! What do you say?"

I said, "No, sir. No thank you. There is a reason, Mr. Howard, why I can't."

I'll say there was a reason! Nothing less than a war.

Then Marta came into the hall. "Let me drive you to the train, Tod."

I'd been planning to go in a taxi. I'd been expecting to say good-bye to her right there. A sailor's farewell. No feeling. You can't feel when there are people all around, or, anyway, let on that you do.

Yet, somehow, standing there looking at her I wanted to prolong it to the last bittersweet minute. I wanted the sight of her and the sound of her voice to be the last things I took away with me—to wherever I was going. The ultimate moment I would cherish. I knew something else, also. I knew I couldn't go away without being square with her.

I WAITED until we hit the river road. The tires were chanting on the frost rime. "Marta," I said, "I've got to talk fast, so please listen to what I have to say."

Her head turned from the glow of the dash lamp and then again went into eclipse. Quietly she said, "I'm listening, Tod."

I hauled a deep breath. Both of us were breathing fast. "I love you, Marta. I've always loved you. From school days all the way to here."

"But, if you—"

"Darling, I've been wanting to tell you ever since our first dance. But I didn't dare. I'm a navy aviator. I'm going out to fight. I don't belong to me; I can't belong to you."

"If what you say—"

"Yes, I know what you're going to tell me. But, sweet, I don't know how I'll come back—or if I will come back—and it wouldn't be fair."

"Tod darling," she said as she put her hand on my sleeve, "if you came back—whatever had happened—I'd want you. Let's have something wonderful to cling to until this awful thing is over."

A spell of unaccountable trembling seized me; the whirlpool of my thoughts and my emotions seemed to be tossing me about. There was still another day before the navy claimed me.

"Marta," I said quickly as the train ground to a stop—"Marta, could you marry me tonight?"

Girls like Marta seem to know there's a time to be done with talking. Marta walked into my arms. She belonged there, and both of us knew it, for all the rest of our lives.

But first there was a war to be fought and won. After that? Well, I had all the answers—they were looking at me out of Marta's eyes.

THE END



WHAT BILLY MITCHELL REALLY SAID

His amazing prophecies of war today as Liberty published them years ago

"Billy" Mitchell—Brigadier General William Mitchell—has become an almost legendary figure in American military history. He commanded the air forces of the A. E. F. in the first world war, and in the years that followed spoke his mind so forcefully about the importance of air power, and about the War and Navy Departments' administration of aviation, that in 1925 he was court-martialed for insubordination and found guilty, with the result that he resigned from the army.

Then he carried on with his typewriter. He began writing for Liberty in 1925 and continued until the time of his death in 1936. Liberty published twenty-one of his articles, almost all dealing with the inadequate state of our defense preparations. They originally appeared in Liberty under such titles as Give Us More Planes or We Perish (1934) and Are We Ready for War with Japan? (1936).

We are presenting a condensation of what he wrote for us. The prophetic character of what he actually did say, word for word, is even more striking than the memories of it which the present war has revived.

BY BRIGADIER GENERAL WILLIAM MITCHELL

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

I JOINED our General Staff back in 1912. The general staff of an army corresponds to the board of directors of a commercial company. Airplanes had gone far enough at that time to prove their value in war, but two years later, in answer to a letter I had written, the Chief of the War

College said that aircraft had never proved that they were any good, they probably would not be, and what was the use of fooling with them? The same spirit is pervading our General Staff today [1936].

The answer is that the world progresses and that the advent of air power has decidedly changed all arrangements which used to be neces-

sary for complete national defense. It is to be expected, of course, that the older services will resist change; but the change has come and they must face it as a patriotic duty. If they are allowed to control the whole of defensive arrangements in the future as they have in the past, it will be much like entrusting a gas-lighting company with the duty of developing for a city electric illumination that belonged to some one else.

Air power must be entrusted to an organization specifically charged with its development. It must not be farmed out as an orphan in the asylums of the old army and navy. Air power proved its way over the contending armies in Europe. It proved it can sink any battleship or other vessel on the surface of the sea.

We in the United States are no longer isolated by the oceans from the rest of the world. Time was when we thought that with a strong land and sea-coast defense we could keep anybody from injuring our country. That was when there were only ships

on the ocean to deal with. Ships could either be fought by other ships or attacked from shore if they came near enough. But since man's conquest of the air things have changed with great rapidity. During the World War the influence of air power against every kind of object on the ground was either decisive or very dangerous. Since the war airplanes have flown over 5,000 miles without landing, and still the skeptics say, "It is true they have flown that far, but they do not carry enough weight in the shape of bombs or other armament to do any harm." This is just as absurd as their other contentions. The last [1934] long-distance flight of 5,340 miles without landing was made by a British airplane from Cranwell, England, to Walvis Bay, South Africa, in 57½ hours. The first half of this trip was made at an average ground speed of 110 miles an hour, the last half at about 90 miles an hour due to head winds. Therefore this plane actually flew more than 6,200 miles in still air, using gasoline as fuel, of which it consumed 1,000 gallons.

If a Diesel engine had been used on this same plane, a saving of about 25 per cent in the weight of fuel could have been made and it could have risen from 35 to 50 per cent higher in the air. Under these conditions this plane could have carried a 1,000-pound bomb in addition to all its fuel. This type of long-distance plane can be improved. If we should build one with two 1,100-horsepower Diesels, it could fly 6,000 miles and carry 4,400 pounds of bombs.

I HAD a long conference with General Pershing in October, 1918. I proposed to him that in the spring of 1919, when I would have a great force of bombardment airplanes, he assign one of the infantry divisions permanently to the Air Service; that we arm the men with a great number of machine guns and train them to go over the front in our large airplanes, which would carry ten or fifteen of these soldiers each.

We could equip each man with a parachute, so that when we desired to make a rear attack on the enemy we could carry these men over the lines and drop them off in parachutes behind the German position. They could assemble at a prearranged strong point and fortify it. We could supply them by aircraft with food and ammunition. [This prophetic pattern of war was written in 1928.]

Our low-flying attack aviation would then cover every road in their vicinity, both day and night, so as to prevent the Germans falling on them until they could thoroughly organize the position. Then we could attack the Germans from the rear, aided by an attack from our army on the front, and support the whole maneuver with our great air force.

If we can get well to the rear of the enemy with our air forces and have tanks jump on them in front, we will come pretty near to destroying them. Tanks have proven them-

selves to be the instrument par excellence in advancing over the ground, and I want to see as great a development of this arm as is possible.

I am mentioning these things so that the American reader may know what actually can be done now [1934], instead of being forced to believe the flood of propaganda put out by those attempting to keep down the development of air power. If one takes a map of the world and measures the distances, he can see that an airplane can easily go to Europe and return, or come from Europe to the United States and return. It can fly from Alaska to the United States and back again, or from Japan straight across the Pacific to the United States.

With this in mind, the situation in Asia should be a matter of profound interest if not apprehension to all American citizens. The Japanese, finding the rest of the world either too busily occupied or grown too fat and impotent to take any action against them, have jumped on to the mainland of Asia and begun to dismember China in earnest. Since the Russo-Japanese War the Japanese have felt that their destiny lay in first establishing their rule in Asia and then gradually making themselves a dominant world power. The Philippine Islands and Borneo will undoubtedly be pounced upon at the first favorable opportunity.

The root of Japanese antagonism and mistrust lies in the simple physical fact that the United States is the only great white power whose shores are washed by the Pacific Ocean. We are on the east side of the Pacific, and Japan is on the west side. We have

more raw materials than Japan has, and she believes that she must obtain additional ones or lose out. She considers an armed contest with us a certainty in the future.

In war, and preparations for war, the methods of the Japanese conform to their general psychological make-up. Spies acquire the greatest merit in Japan. They are sent everywhere in all sorts of disguises. They are placed in the prospective enemy's service and left there for years, to work up to positions of responsibility and trust. Every advantage is taken to work into the good graces of the foreigner. The most elaborate system of espionage is maintained by them, especially in and with regard to the United States.

JAPAN is in no way afraid of our naval power, since she has a mandate over the Ladrone Islands which completely dominate any naval line of operations from our country to the Philippines or Japan. The islands are organized for air work, and any United States fleet setting out against Japan would be attacked by these air forces from the time it left Honolulu.

What Japan is in deadly fear of is our air force. She offers an ideal target for air operations. The islands are not only very unprolific but there is little fresh water on them. Most of the towns, built largely of wood and paper, form the greatest aerial targets the world has ever seen. Incendiary projectiles would burn them to the ground in short order. Should an enemy gain control of the air, Japan's shipping could be quickly sunk.

It would be entirely practical to attack Japan by air from Hawaii.



"We have proved conclusively that airplanes can destroy any ships," says General Mitchell. Arrow: The bomber.

Give Us More Planes Or We Perish

A Warrior of the Air Reads the Handwriting
on Two Horizons and Pleads with His
Compatriots to Safeguard Their Freedom

READING TIME • 22 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

W E in the United States are no longer isolated by the oceans from the rest of the world. Time was when we thought that with a strong land and seacoast defense we could keep anybody from injuring our country. That was when there were only ships on the ocean to deal with. Ships could either be fought by other ships or attacked from shore if they came near enough. When they attempted to land troops, forces could be assembled to stop them.

Since man's conquest of the air things have changed with great rapidity. During the World War the influence of aircraft against every kind of object on

without landing, and still the skeptics say, "It is true they have flown that far, but they cannot carry enough weight in the shape of bombs or other armament to do any harm." This is just as absurd as their other contentions. The last long-distance flight of 5,340 miles without landing was made by a British airplane from Cranwell, England, to Walvis Bay, South Africa, in 57½ hours. The first half of the trip was made at an average ground speed of 110 miles an hour, the last half at about 90 miles an hour, due to head winds. Therefore this plane actually flew more than 6,200 miles in still air. It used gasoline as fuel, of which it consumed 1,000 gallons.

Mitchell's warning to his country as it appeared in Liberty's issue of May 12, 1934



Mitchell before he was court-martialed and resigned from the army. Above, right, some of the late general's striking prophecies.

BILLY MITCHELL SAID—

Japan knows that war is coming some day with the United States. She estimates that when it does come America will begin with the methods and systems of the last great conflict. The Japanese are thoroughly conversant with the experiments conducted under my direction in which it was proved that battleships could be easily sunk from the air.

Japan is in no way afraid of our naval power, since she has a mandate over the Ladrone Islands, which are organized for air work. . . . The key point of the whole Pacific is Alaska. Japan can be attacked directly by air from that place. An attack by Japan would certainly extend across the Bering Sea to Alaska by way of the Aleutians.

Since the Russo-Japanese War the Japanese have felt that their destiny lay in establishing their rule in Asia and then gradually making themselves a dominant world power. The Philippines and Borneo will undoubtedly be pounced upon at the first opportunity.

In 1918 I proposed we arm men with a great number of machine guns and train them to go over the front in airplanes. We could drop them off in parachutes and attack the Germans from the rear.

Tanks have proven themselves to be the instrument par excellence in advancing over the ground.

Japan is in deadly fear of our air force. She offers the greatest aerial targets the world has ever seen.

Midway Island, the nearest of this group to Japan, is about the same distance from Yokohama as Honolulu is from San Francisco. Aircraft can go there and return, carrying enough bombs to demolish their targets. Modern aircraft will fly around 35,000 feet carrying weights sufficient for their needs.

The key point of the whole Pacific is our Territory of Alaska. Japan can be attacked directly by air from that place. It is an all-land route from the United States to the tip of Alaska, and communications can be easily protected. Submarines acting from Alaska and Hawaii at the same time would make Japanese sea-borne commerce take shelter within a short time.

The Japanese know these things full well, but they reason that just at this time [1932] our vacillating foreign policy makes us impotent in the Pacific. They do not take into account the tremendous vitality and warlike spirit of the American people.

Japan knows that war is coming some day with the United States, and that it will be a contest for her very existence. She also knows that a tremendous change is coming in the method of conducting overseas campaigns. The naval systems of the past will give way to the air system of the future. But she estimates that when war does come America will begin with the methods and systems of the last great conflict. She is therefore preparing so that every advantage may be taken of new developments in the art of war. Her aviation is receiving first consideration, as are also her submarines and light cruisers.

The Japanese are thoroughly conversant with the experiments conducted in this country under my di-

rection, in which it was proved for all time that battleships could be easily sunk from the air; and as far as equipment, armament, and organization are concerned, the Japanese force at this time is superior to that of the United States, with its few paltry service airplanes that are poorly organized and poorly armed. We must not render ourselves completely defenseless by sticking to methods and means of making war that are as obsolete as the bow and arrow, thinking on the one hand that war with Japan is an impossibility, and on the other that the airplane will not play the decisive part in wars of the future.

IN case of war in the Pacific the United States is almost sure to be drawn in. The American people should understand the facts, and our national defense, particularly our air force and submarines, should be kept ready.

As in the case of the airplane, the tremendous power of submarines is just beginning to be understood by the people. In the course of the World War the Germans maintained on active duty at any given date an average of only thirty submarines. These thirty boats sank 11,000,000 tons of Allied shipping. Forty per cent of all British shipping was destroyed by these few subs, which reduced the British Isles to the verge of starvation. The Germans never employed over 10,000 men in the handling of their undersea forces, whereas the Allies used over 1,000,000 men in counter-operations and spent hundreds of millions of dollars for equipment. These measures were comparatively ineffective.

If we are menaced from Asia, we must provide ourselves with adequate submarine and aircraft protection.

Suppose the attack comes on both the Pacific and the Atlantic by a combination of European and Asiatic powers at the same time. If our airways are in efficient operation throughout the United States, one from east to west near the northern frontier, and the other along the south, an air force can be used along the Atlantic coast and within thirty-six hours [1925] can be applied on the Pacific Coast, or vice versa. Compare this with any mobile reserve of ships or troops and you will find that it will act from four to ten times faster than they.

An attack led by Japan would certainly extend across the Bering Sea to Alaska by way of the Aleutians. If properly organized, our defense in this area is easy. Airways should certainly be provided for through Canada. We have an open road to send troops into the north, through the inland passage to Skagway or Dyea, and by the White Pass Railroad into the Yukon River and down the Yukon to Bering Sea.

We should have two types of pursuit airplanes: one to take the offensive—that is, to go as far away from our coasts and frontiers as is necessary to meet the enemy—and another to defend a locality. With the former we need great horizontal speed, the ability to dive at high velocity, and a large gas capacity.

In the defending plane we need great climbing ability, so as to meet the enemy quickly when he approaches the place we wish to defend.

The cause of right cannot be furthered by a defenseless and disarmed country. Disarmament is no panacea for war. This is not jingoism.

It is merely self-preservation.

THE END

LEAD STORY



BY ROGER GARIS

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

WHEN the story began to come over the wires at 2.20 A. M., Ed Barrow was in the AP room drinking root beer.

He had the bottle to his lips and one eye on the A wire when it started:

15-19—DPO—NOT FOR RADIO BROADCAST IN NEW YORK, LOS ANGELES AND CHICAGO—SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC, AUG. 16—A JAPANESE INVASION FLEET, HEADED FOR THE WEST COAST, WAS SMASHED AND TURNED BACK IN DISORDER BY UNITS OF THE FLEET AND AIR ARMS. LIEUTENANT COMMANDER PAUL BARROW, NAVY FLYER, IS CREDITED WITH FIGHTING HIS WAY THROUGH A FLIGHT OF ENEMY PLANES AND SPOTTING THE ATTACKING FLEET IN TIME TO SEND WARNING TO OUR DEFENSIVE FORCE. . . .

It took an instant for Ed to get it. Lieutenant Commander Paul Barrow, navy flyer—Buddy! It was Buddy!

. . . COINCIDENT WITH THE RELEASE OF THE STORY, THE WAR DEPARTMENT ANNOUNCES THE AWARD OF THE CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL OF HONOR TO LIEUTENANT COMMANDER BARROW, WHO WILL RECEIVE IT IN WASHINGTON WHEN HE AND OTHER FLYERS TAKING PART IN THE BATTLE ARE RECEIVED BY PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT. . . .

Ed was aware of a terrific desire to shout through to the city room: "Hey, you guys, come here! Look at this! This story's about Buddy, my son. He's going to get the Congressional Medal—he stopped a Jap fleet—"

But he couldn't. No one in the office knew he had a son. To tell them now would mean answering questions, explaining why, in the two years he'd been telegraph editor of the Star, he had never mentioned a son.

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER BARROW WAS SKIPPER OF THE GROUP OF FLYERS TAKING

OFF FROM AN UNNAMED AIRCRAFT CARRIER THE MORNING OF AUGUST 9. THERE HAD BEEN NO PREVIOUS WARNING . . .

It would mean going back to that day eight years ago in a courtroom, when a judge said: "Although I do not forbid you, Mr. Barrow, to see the child, provided Mrs. Barrow is willing, I do say it would be better if you did not see either of them again."

Then the judge had said something about being sorry for Ed, as he would be for any man who was dominated by alcohol. That part wasn't important. Ed had gone out of the courtroom, not looking at either Joan or Buddy. Buddy was fourteen then, a tall youngster with wide blue eyes that were puzzled and faintly scared. Ed knew Joan could take that scared look away. All Ed had to do was to obey the judge's instructions. And he had.

THERE WERE FIFTEEN PLANES IN LIEUTENANT COMMANDER BARROW'S SCOUTING SEGMENT. THEY MADE CONTACT WITH THE ENEMY AIR FORCE AT ABOUT . . .

It must have been three years later when Ed saw an item about Buddy in a Connecticut paper. It announced that he had been appointed first alternate to Annapolis.

Ed had a good job then, and he was beginning a real fight against the drink. He could write to Joan . . .

No. One more year. If he kept the job, if he could stay off the liquor—

He didn't. He was fired in December for intoxication on the job. Then there was another year, and another, and another—fighting, always fighting, falling and getting up again wearily. . . .

FACING OVERWHELMING ODDS, LIEUTENANT COMMANDER BARROW'S SEGMENT NEVERTHELESS SUCCEEDED IN DOWNING MORE THAN TWENTY ENEMY PLANES BEFORE THEY . . .

Then the New York Morning Star—and two whole years without a drink. Certainly he could try to find Joan

now, if only to tell her how happy he was over Buddy.

. . . AND ALONE LIEUTENANT COMMANDER BARROW MADE A RECONNAISSANCE FLIGHT OVER THE INVASION FLEET, REPORTING BY RADIO THE FULL STRENGTH OF THE FORCE. HE WAS SHOT DOWN AS HE TURNED BACK, LANDING IN THE SEA, REMAINING AFLOAT ON A LIFE RAFT UNTIL PICKED UP BY AN AMERICAN . . .

Ed carried the long galley in to the city desk.

"Here's your streamer, Ben," he said to the city editor. "Invasion fleet turned back from the West Coast. Hot stuff. Funny, guy they give credit to has the same name as mine. Wonder if he's any relation."

Ben looked at the story and got excited. "You write the streamer, Ed," he exclaimed. "In 96-point. What a yarn! That Barrow must be some boy."

"Yes," Ed said, and sat down to a typewriter.

THROUGH the heavy cloud of sleep Ed heard the ringing of the telephone. He fumbled for the receiver, and said thickly, "Hello."

"Hello, Ed." The voice brought him swiftly awake.

"Joan! Joan—it's really you! Where are you, Joan? How—"

"I'm in New York, Ed."

"Joan, I— Funny, I don't know what to say. How did you find out where I was? I tried to—"

"I called the Star, Ed."

"But how did you know I was on the Star? No one else—"

"Have you seen the morning paper?"

"About Buddy? Sure—I handled the story! Isn't it wonderful? Joan, if I could only see you for just a—"

"You can see me, Ed."

"Joan—I still don't understand how you found I was with the Star. I—"

"Have you a Morning Star there?"

"There's one at my door, I suppose."

"Get it. Then you'll understand. I'll hold the line. Oh, Ed, I want awfully to see you again—"

He got out of bed, went to the door. The paper was outside. He picked it up and read the headlines he had written less than six hours before:

JAP FLEET, HEADED FOR WEST COAST, SMASHED

Lieutenant Commander Barrow Credited with Heroic Feat Which Gave Warning in Time. Will Receive Congressional Medal. Jap Losses Put at Four Carriers, Many Warships and Destroyers.

And then, down the page, in 18-point type that had gone past every copy-reader and proofreader in the rush to make the edition:

JOAN WILL BE PROUD OF BUDDY
THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional \$1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1942; \$500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of \$100 each for the five next best.

MOTHER'S GAMBLE



"Mom, I've a chance to make a lot of money in life. It's a wonderful chance—but there's one big hitch."



TERRY MOORE.
of the St. Louis Cardinals

**She took a long chance on her boy who loved
baseball. But look at him now—and at her!**

BY ROGER BIRTWELL

READING TIME • 13 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

RAINDROPS leaked through the ceiling of the rickety two-room flat in south St. Louis. On the one-lung gas range a stew started to simmer.

Etta Moore turned down the sputtering flame. Supper had become a lonely affair. Seven sons and daughters had married and gone away. Her husband too was gone. At sixty, all she had left was her youngest—a lanky kid named Terry, who in his early teens had put aside his schoolbooks to support her. They'd seen some lean times. But now he was making thirty dollars a week printing labels on burlap bags.

"Mom," said Terry, coming in, "I've a chance to make a lot of money in life—or to starve. A guy from the Cardinals came down to the factory today. He offered me a job on their farm team in Columbus, Ohio. It's a wonderful chance. But there's one big hitch. It pays only half what I'm earning now. I guess I'll have to turn it down. We can't live on fifteen dollars a week."

Mrs. Moore sat by the window and pondered. Ever since Terry had been knee-high, his ambition had been to be a pro ballplayer. If he made good, there was the possibility of a big-league career. If he failed—The thought hit her sharply. In that bleak winter jobs were hard to get.

"Do you think you can play ball well enough?" she asked.

"I don't know," he confessed.

Into the night they talked. They had only ninety dollars in the world. Before Terry would get his first baseball check he would spend six weeks in training camp without salary. By then the ninety dollars would be more than gone. During the summer he'd get \$150 a month. But the following fall and winter he'd be jobless.

At two o'clock in the morning his mother made the decision. "You take the offer," she said.

To the Columbus training camp at Avon Park went Terry in the spring of 1934. To a kid who'd worked seventy-two hours a week at the age of fifteen, Florida was like a palmettoed paradise. Everything in camp went well for him. He batted .500 in exhibition games and hauled down flies all over the lot. And when the season opened he was in left field for Columbus. For the first month he hit .300 and apparently was holding his job.

But in mid-May the Cardinals demoted several players from St. Louis to Columbus. To make room for them, Columbus had to get rid of some of her own men. And one of them was Terry Moore.

It happened one Sunday at Columbus, just before the team took the field

for a double-header with Minneapolis. Ray Blades, Columbus manager, called Terry aside. "I'm sorry," said Blades, "but I've got to send you down to Elmira in the New York-Penn League. You leave tonight. Your ticket will be in the office after the game."

Terry was stunned. He had failed! Through a fog he heard the manager speaking again: "Is there anything I can do for you before you go?"

"I'd like to play center field—just once," he said. Thus far he had been playing in left.

"I wasn't going to use you today," Blades said. He thought for a moment. "All right," he added. "I'll give one of the boys a day off, and play you in center field."

What happened that afternoon is now Ohio history. Morton Cooper, later one of the foremost pitchers in baseball, was in Columbus and saw the double-header.

"I've never seen anything like it," relates Cooper. "Here was this kid who'd just been told he was going to Elmira. And there were 16,000 in the stands, more folks probably than he'd ever seen, let alone playing in front of 'em. About midway through the first game of the double-header, we—that is, Columbus—were behind, 4-3.

"Minneapolis gets some men on bases, and then one of their batters slams what looks like a three-bagger out to the fence back of center field. It looks like that just about settles the ball game. We don't think any one has a chance of getting that ball until we see Terry Moore running like he was shot out of a gun right straight at the center-field fence.

"That boy was flying. He took off from his feet and went into the air toward that fence as though it was made of paper. As he did, he twisted around, stuck up one hand, and speared the ball. Then he hit the fence with a wallop you could hear in the next county. He went down in a heap, but he couldn't go all the way down because one leg was stuck in the fence.

"It looked like he was out cold. But there was his paw sticking up, with the ball in it. He'd sure done a job on that fence. He'd knocked one board and a whole mess of nails right out of the ball park.

"A few minutes later he comes to bat and lines a single to left. Pretty soon there's a cloud of dust at home plate. It's Terry Moore—stealing home with the tying run.

"That ought to have been enough for any man. But not for Terry. The next time he comes to bat, the score is still where he left it, tied at 4-4. There are two men on and Terry whales a double to left, driving in two runs and winning the game, 6 to 4.

"But that's not all. That's only the first game of a double-header. In the

second game we're behind 1-0 when Terry comes to bat in the third. He bangs out another single and in comes the tying run. Then he scores himself and we're ahead. Midway through the game he scores again. And in the ninth he drives in another run. But the amazing thing was his fielding. He was tearing around that outfield like a moose out of its head. It wasn't until years later I learned he was steamed up about his mother."

As far as the Columbus ball club was concerned, however, Terry might just as well have "stood in bed." A few hours later, dejected and branded a failure, he was riding through the night to Elmira.

In firing him, his Columbus bosses forgot he'd had 16,000 witnesses. The entire 16,000 rose in open rebellion. Some boycotted the ball park. Many bombarded the newspapers with phone calls and letters of protest. The newspapers themselves got into the battle. With Robert E. Hooey, local sports columnist, leading the attack, they staged Bring Back Moore campaigns. Terry, in Elmira, was attracting more attention in Columbus than the entire Columbus team.

Finally the fans won. After three weeks in Elmira, Terry received a telegram from the Cardinals in St. Louis telling him to take the next airplane for Columbus.

Terry preferred to do his flying in spiked shoes. He went back the way he was sent down—by day coach.

ON reaching Columbus, he was posted in center field. The club promptly surged to a pennant and victory over Toronto in the Little World Series. As he had feared, Terry was unable to find work that fall and winter, but the Little World Series netted him \$1,000 and the Cards threw in a bonus of \$500. His mother's gamble was panning out.

Ahead of him, however, the road seemed blocked. While he was at Columbus the Cardinals were winning the championship of the world. On their rough-and-ready outfit, known as the Gashouse Gang, were the brothers Dean, the crack infield of Collins, Frisch, Durocher, and Martin, and a veteran outfield of Medwick, Orsatti, and Rothrock. When the World Champions the following March reported at Bradenton, Florida, for spring training, they were unanimous favorites to win the National League pennant again.

Imagine their consternation when Branch Rickey, Cardinal executive, informed them that Ernie Orsatti, veteran of four World Series with them, was to be benched, and that his place was to be taken by a twenty-two-year-old youngster with only one year's experience in baseball—and that year in the bushes!

In short, Terry Moore—without even a major-league trial—was named center fielder of the World Champions.

Terry could hardly believe this really had happened. But his joy was short-lived. To many of the Cardinals he was an unwelcome interloper. He

was "taking Ernie's job." About all he got in the way of a welcome from a portion of baseball's famous Gas-house Gang was sullen hostility. What hurt him most was that these very players had been his personal heroes.

The World Champions headed north and swung into the 1935 National League campaign. Terry was in center field. And it was during the league season that the sabotaging of Terry reached its climax.

Twice, in league games, one of his famous teammates "ran him off" fly balls. This player, when a fly ball was hit between him and Terry, would run over and call out to Terry that he, the other player, would take it. When Terry obeyed and slowed up, the other player would stop and let Terry make a belated and futile effort to catch the ball. Both times it made Terry look like a dub. Both times he took the blame.

This not only hurt Terry; it also menaced the other players where they could feel it most—in their pocket-books. A few games thrown away in this manner could keep them out of the World Series. So an infielder went to Frisch and told him about it.

The next day Frisch told Terry: "On any ball you can catch, *run right over that guy and catch it.*"

Frisch was talking Terry's language. The anti-Moore movement in the Gas-house Gang soon came to an end.

AND now the league began to ring with the feats of a Cardinal rookie. Terry had taken a World Champion's job. What did he do with it? Well, here are a couple of flashes:

It is the summer of 1936, and in St. Louis the Cardinals and the New York Giants are dueling for first place in the National League. For a few innings the game is scoreless. Then New York jams over a run.

With the bases loaded and none down, Mel Ott comes to bat. Ott, by his long left-handed wallops to right field, is the leading home-run slugger of the league. The Cardinal outfield shifts accordingly. But this time Ott slices a low, hard liner over second base, a bit to the left-field side. The drive heads for the grass in short center field.

From out by the fence in deep right center speeds Terry Moore. He tears to a spot back of second base. The ball is veering toward left field and downward as he comes flying in. Rushing headlong toward the infield, he leans low and far to his own right. With his knuckles literally brushing the grass-tops, he spears the liner with his bare right hand.

Then he skids like a human toboggan on his elbow, stomach, and face. But he still hangs on to the ball.

Behind me in the press loft sat George Sisler. "In all the baseball you've seen or played," I asked him, "did you ever see a catch as good as that?"

Sisler reflected a moment. "I've never seen its equal," he said.

The scene shifts. Five years pass. It's July, 1941. Once more the Cards are

fighting for a pennant. They're in a tie for first place with the Brooklyn Dodgers.

Once again they're playing the Giants at St. Louis. The game goes into extra innings. In the twelfth, with two men down, the Giants get a runner to third. Then Arnovich of the Giants crashes the ball far toward the wall in left center, 380 feet from the plate. It looks like the winning hit.

Out in center field, Terry Moore turns his back on the diamond and sets sail for the left-field wall. The runner on third crosses the plate, Arnovich rounds first base, and the ball goes zooming toward that concrete wall. It's the same concrete against which another great fly chaser, Earle Combs of the Yankees, bashed his skull and ended his career.

Six feet from the concrete, Terry leaves the ground and *slides* feet first toward the base of the wall. His body is at a 45-degree angle, his face to the sky. And from behind the ball is coming over his head.

Terry cups his hands over his stomach and catches it. An instant later his feet crash against the wall, saving his body from injury. It's the first time a player has been known to slide deliberately into an outfield wall. And it's a catch they'll be talking about in 1950.

Despite his amazing feats, Terry has rarely landed in the headlines. From St. Louis to Saugus, Massachusetts, he had ballplayers agog. But he got less acclaim in print than a night-club parasite. His batting might explain this, but only partially. He's twice belted seventeen home runs in a season. And his batting average, which dipped in 1936, crept slowly upward until it passed the .300 mark in 1940.

In no other part of his game could any one spot a flaw. He's a streak on the bases. His arm is deadly, and he fields grounders like a top-flight infielder. Most of all, he never lets up. A few moments after his great catch off Ott in 1936, he came to bat and tapped a feeble bouncer that barely eluded the pitcher and rolled back of second base. He made two bases on the dribble, almost beating his own grounder to second base.

TERRY never endeared himself to the Price Waterhouse school of baseball reporting, which dotes on statistics and descriptions of guys going to second on infield outs. Also, by his odd trait of devoting himself strictly to baseball, he failed to attract the abler, more professional type of reporter who looks for the bizarre. He is no "Mad Russian," nor does he let fly balls bounce off his skull. He never jumped fully clothed into a fish pond, never rowed a boat over the center-field fence, never strode to the plate with a pigeon pecking at his dandruff. The poor guy's just simply a great ballplayer.

He got his greatest praise in print on a day when he wasn't even in the lineup. When the Cards met the Dodgers September 13, 1941, in the season's most critical game, with first place at stake, Terry was out of action with an injury.

The Dodgers triumphed, 1-0, on a pair of eighth-inning two-baggers to center field. Both were well hit wallops. A nationally syndicated column the next day described them as "two-baggers which practically everybody in the press box agreed Terry Moore, had he been out there, would have caught." The column was by Joe Williams, an experienced baseball writer. It was well earned praise.

So meet the Man Who Fields Two-Baggers—and fields 'em before they drop. As a ground-covering, fly-gobbling outfielder I've possibly never seen his equal. And I grew up watching Tris Speaker.

Ever since that Sunday double-header at Columbus in '34 Terry has been in constant danger of having his career ended by injuries. A man can't charge into concrete walls without paying a penalty. Many a time he has reached for a fly ball and wound up clutching a hospital pillow. But he always comes bouncing out of the accident ward and back to his center-field patrol.

INJURY almost got him for good August, 1941. It wasn't an Annette Kellerman catch this time. It came while he was at bat. The pitcher was Arthur Johnson of Boston, who has a trick delivery that makes his own white shirt—instead of the green center-field fence—serve as background for the white streak of his pitches.

As a hopping fast ball shot from Johnson's hand, Terry lost sight of it. But he took his stride, hoping to "pick it up" as it neared the plate. When he saw the ball, he tried to duck, but too late. It struck just back of his ear.

It was eight hours before the doctors dared cut off his uniform. He was in the hospital three weeks. His eardrum was shattered, there was bleeding inside his head, and he had severe dizzy spells. But the Cards were battling for a pennant, so Terry climbed right out of his hospital cot and ranged all over the outfield, far beyond his own normal beat, robbing hostile batsmen of hits. When he reported for spring training nearly six months later, he still hadn't gone twenty-four hours without a dizzy spell.

The former flour-sack printer, the kid who almost passed up pro baseball as a luxury he couldn't afford, has come a long way. Now they pay him \$400 an hour. And none of the Cardinals give him the cold shoulder now as some did in '34. Because, for some years now, he has been captain of the team.

Etta Moore no longer lives in two drab rooms. Instead, in the rolling meadows of Georgia, she has her own nice home with a broad sweep of lawn and her own 128-acre plantation. She has a thirty-acre private lake, an artificial lagoon that would turn a Vanderbilt green with envy. All this was purchased with the earnings of one of baseball's foremost stars.

A gallant lady had gambled—and won.

THE END

PICTURES

YOU OUGHT TO SEE

BY HOWARD BARNES

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY

3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ NOW, VOYAGER (for dynamic Davis acting)

BETTE DAVIS is rapidly becoming the most unhappy character on the screen. In her last picture she was a willful murderess. Now she is playing a thwarted neurotic in a never-ending tragedy. The point is that this Davis girl can electrify the most somber situation. Unhappy or not, her portrayal is something for the books.

Her first appearance in *Now, Voyager* is, to say the least, startling. With the aid of Perc Westmore's make-up magic, she steps forth as a dowdy, half-cracked spinster, the unwanted daughter of a tyrannical Boston matron. A great psychiatrist tears her loose from the mother hate which has driven her to the verge of lunacy. But even when she blossoms forth as an attractive young woman, she is dogged by disaster.

It takes courage to play this sort of role. It takes a lot of knowing. Miss Davis has the courage and artistry to put over the part. The script is episodic and winds up in a rather random climax, but the star cuts a clean line of clever make-believe through the production. If ever a piece of acting dominated a show, it is in *Now, Voyager*.

The story is taken from the Olive Higgins Prouty novel. Casey Robinson has caught a lot of subtle psychological twists in his adaptation, but he hasn't succeeded in writing a close-knit and powerful film. The early sequences, in which the dowdy spinster is changed over into a well groomed charmer by escaping from her mother's clutches, are fascinating. Her doomed romance with a married architect, however, is far from persuasive.

Even when the heroine finds a substitute for her thwarted love by taking care of the architect's daughter, the yarn itself demands plenty of tolerance. This is another example of literary work which might better have remained in book form. Movies are like nothing else in the world. They shouldn't have to borrow from any other form.

In any case, the Davis performance is likely to make you forget the defects in the script. She brings tremendous emotional intensity to every scene. She already has a lot of feathers in her acting cap. She has added a big



In *Now, Voyager*, the electrifying Bette Davis adds new laurels to her acting crown.

new one with *Now, Voyager*.

Her supporting cast could scarcely be better. Paul Henreid, in spite of his accent, gives a sensitively assured characterization of the architect. Claude Rains is splendid as the wise doctor who saves a soul from madness. Gladys Cooper is magnificently sinister as the tyrannical mother, and little Janis Wilson gives a brilliant account of herself as the architect's small daughter. There's first-rate acting in *Now, Voyager*, and you can't go wrong with that, even though the subject matter is straggling.

(Warners.)

★ ★ ★ ONE OF OUR AIRCRAFT IS MISSING (for a notable war film)

ANOTHER stirring war picture has arrived from England. In simple, taut imagery it describes the adventures of an R. A. F. bomber crew forced down over Holland after a successful raid on Stuttgart. As a celebration of the audacity which won the Battle of Britain, it's a film you can't afford to miss. In addition, it documents the fierce undertow of resistance which is sweeping through all the occupied countries of Europe.

There are no big names in this photoplay, with the exception of Sir Alexander Korda, who produced it. But there is no end of brilliant craftsmanship. Michael Powell has directed the production with imagination and good sense. Hugh Williams and the other players enact it with restrained power. Here is a picture which is compelling both as a show and as a piece of propaganda.

The opening sequence of an unmanned Wellington bomber crashing

into a power station sets the key for the whole offering. The action cuts back to let you know what happened to the bomber's crew. With faltering motors, the flyers have bailed out over Dutch soil. Children from a near-by village take them to their school-teacher, who smuggles them through to the coast. There a gallant guerrilla arranges for their safe departure to England in a fishing boat.

The episodes of the film have terrific authority and suspense. The crew members emerge as real and engaging people and so do the desperate Hollanders who befriend them. There is plenty of melodramatic excitement in the course of the continuity. There is also the conviction that this particular thing happened just this way to men who are fighting on the great aerial front of western Europe.

The acting is so perfectly matched that it is difficult to single out individual feats. Hugh Williams is splendid as the bomber's observer. Eric Portman, Godfrey Tearle, and Emrys Jones add solid portrayals of other crew members, and Hay Petrie, Pamela Brown, and Googie Withers are excellent as the Dutch patriots.

(United Artists.)

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS

★★★★—The Major and the Minor, Wake Island, Bambi, The Pride of the Yankees, Mrs. Miniver, Yankee Doodle Dandy.

★★★—Somewhere I'll Find You, The War Against Mrs. Hadley, Tales of Manhattan, Men of Texas, The Talk of the Town, Footlight Serenade, Desperate Journey, The Pied Piper, Pardon My Sarong, The Magnificent Ambersons, The Foreman Went to France, Crossroads, Across the Pacific, The Gay Sisters, Eagle Squadron, Holiday Inn, Broadway, Ten Gentlemen from West Point.

Roosevelt toward the end of his time as Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

Vice-Presidential candidate a chance at the time it happens, sometimes a mystery to look back upon. The delegates, physically tired and emotionally spent, many in a mood of irritated disappointment because their favorites for the Presidential nomination had been defeated, all eager to go home, some at the end of their funds—in that condition the delegates listened inertly to the droning roll call of the states, in which each state delegation had the privilege of nominating a Vice-Presidential candidate, the nominees in most cases mere favorite sons who could expect no more than the glory of the mention.

Meanwhile the managers of Governor Cox went into a huddle to pick a good running mate. One qualification was important. Because Cox had just defeated two members of Wilson's Cabinet—one of them, McAdoo, being Wilson's son-in-law—there was risk that Wilson's following among the voters might feel lukewarm toward the ticket. To offset this, Roosevelt was suggested for the Vice-Presidential place. While his rank in the Wilson official family was secondary, he had been active and prominent and was publicly recognized as devoted to Wilson and his policies. Besides, the Cox managers were shrewdly aware of the drawing power of the name Roosevelt, derived largely from Franklin's cousin, Republican President Theodore. "The Roosevelt family," urged one of the Cox managers, "contributed a great name to the Republican Party, a name that is a household word in every nook and corner of these United States; a name to conjure with in American politics." Finally, Roosevelt was from New York, and that state would, as always, have great weight in the election.

The Cox managers recognized one embarrassment. Roosevelt was not liked by the head of the New York delegation, Tammany Chief Charles F. Murphy—and it would be impolitic, if not impossible, to nominate Roosevelt if the head of his own state delegation opposed. Gingerly the managers consulted Murphy. Grumpily Murphy said he would raise no objection—they could nominate Roosevelt on their own responsibility if they chose.

Roosevelt's name was presented to the convention by a delegate from the District of Columbia, ex-Congressman Timothy T. Ansberry. Since Ansberry was known to the whole convention as one of Cox's managers, his action was a signal. Presently state delegations withdrew their favorite sons, hurried to second Roosevelt's nomination. The seconders were joined by Governor Smith—throughout the 1920s Smith and Roosevelt were frequently nominating or seconding each other for one office or another.

Roosevelt was nominated by acclamation. A few delegates were not too weary to call for a speech: "Roose-

ROOSEVELT

AS I SEE HIM

Continuing a unique series, a distinguished journalist ponders a President in the making—F. D. R., 1920—1930

BY MARK SULLIVAN

READING TIME • 17 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

IN June, 1920, Franklin D. Roosevelt, then Assistant Secretary of the Navy, went to the Democratic National Convention, one of New York's ninety delegates. Speaking for the state, and for himself, he seconded Governor Alfred E. Smith for the Presidential candidacy — "our Al Smith . . . I love him as a friend; I

look up to him as a man; I am with him as a Democrat." But Smith's time had not yet come. Roosevelt was to repeat his nominating of Smith in two more conventions.

The 1920 convention, after the early ballots, became a grueling struggle of three aspirants—Secretary of the Treasury William G. McAdoo, Attorney General Mitchell Palmer, and Governor James M. Cox of Ohio. After seven days, exhausting even in the agreeable climate of San Francisco, and after forty-four bitterly contentious ballots, the convention nominated Cox.

The delegates went on with their next business—in a spirit common in conventions of both parties, which sometimes makes the selection of a

velt! Roosevelt! We want Roosevelt!" But Roosevelt was not in the hall. He had not had any expectation of being nominated. His surprise was equaled by his pleasure—he was thirty-eight years old, with one exception the youngest man ever nominated for Vice-President. He was pleased also to reflect that he was three years younger than Theodore Roosevelt had been when nominated for the same office.

Elated, his natural energy and high spirits stimulated, Roosevelt plunged into the campaign. In two long tours from East to West, probably the record campaigning of any candidate in history, he delivered more than a thousand speeches, mainly in advocacy of the League of Nations. If his tours had little effect toward winning the election, as hardly anything could, they made Roosevelt acquainted with the West and the West acquainted with him. That became, later, an asset to him.

After his defeat, he was without office or occupation—he had resigned as Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Politically he was as unimportant as a defeated candidate for Vice-President frequently is—what reader of these words can remember, in 1942, the name of the man who ran for Vice-President on the ticket with Wendell Willkie two years before? (Although Willkie's running mate occupies, on his own account, an important public position, leader of the minority party in the Senate.) Who can name the man who ran with Landon in 1936, with Hoover in 1932, with Smith in 1928? Defeated candidates for Vice-President are commonly without much political future.

ROOSEVELT turned toward a private career. In January, 1921, he resumed association with a law firm with which he had been connected briefly a decade before, between his admission to the bar and his entry into politics. At the law office he spent two or three hours a day; the rest of his time he gave to a business post that had come to him through the appreciation of a friend and admirer. The friend, Van Lear Black, a Baltimore man with large interests including chief ownership of the Baltimore Sun, had had a happy inspiration: he had seen a way by which he could at once give expression to his personal liking for Roosevelt, confer a material award for Roosevelt's public services, and get business advantage from the public's familiarity with Roosevelt's name. Black made Roosevelt the New York vice-president of an insurance company he controlled, the Fidelity and Deposit Co. of Baltimore.

In August, 1921, Black invited Roosevelt to go on a yachting trip. Roosevelt suggested they go to his summer home on Campobello Island in the Bay of Fundy. Toward the end of the trip, Roosevelt took the tiller, a hard and tiring exertion, for several hours. As they arrived at Campobello, while preparing fishing tackle in the yacht's tender, he fell overboard.

After the heat of the sun and the tender's engine, the water was so cold that—in Roosevelt's words as quoted by his biographer Emil Ludwig—it seemed paralyzing. The next day they landed, and all that day Roosevelt and his children and guests fought a forest fire. A dip in the pool failed to refresh him. The next morning he found that first one and then both of his legs "refused to work."

There followed dreadful weeks, months—years of it, poignantly described by Mrs. Roosevelt in her autobiography, in a chapter which she entitled *Trial by Fire* (here much condensed and partly paraphrased):

The local doctor "thought my husband had just an ordinary cold."

In the campaign of 1920, on the stump for Cox and for the League of Nations.



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Three days later "it was very evident his legs were getting badly paralyzed." After a medical consultation, a specialist "told me it was infantile paralysis. When it was considered safe, we obtained a private car to move my husband to New York. There followed days and weeks at the hospital," later at home. "For several weeks that winter his legs were placed in plaster casts in order to stretch the muscles, and every day a little of the cast was chipped out at the back, which stretched the muscles a little bit more. This was torture and he bore it without the slightest complaint, just as he bore his illness from the very beginning. . . .

"His mother was really very remarkable about this entire illness. . . . I am sure that, out of sight, she wept many hours, but with all of us she was very cheerful. She had, however, made up her mind that Franklin was going to be an invalid for the rest of his life, and that he would retire to Hyde Park and live there."

A GAINST that retirement Roosevelt struggled: "All that summer at Hyde Park my husband struggled to do a great number of things which would make it possible for him to be more active. He learned to use crutches and walk every day to gain confidence. Each new thing he did took not only determination but great physical effort. . . ."

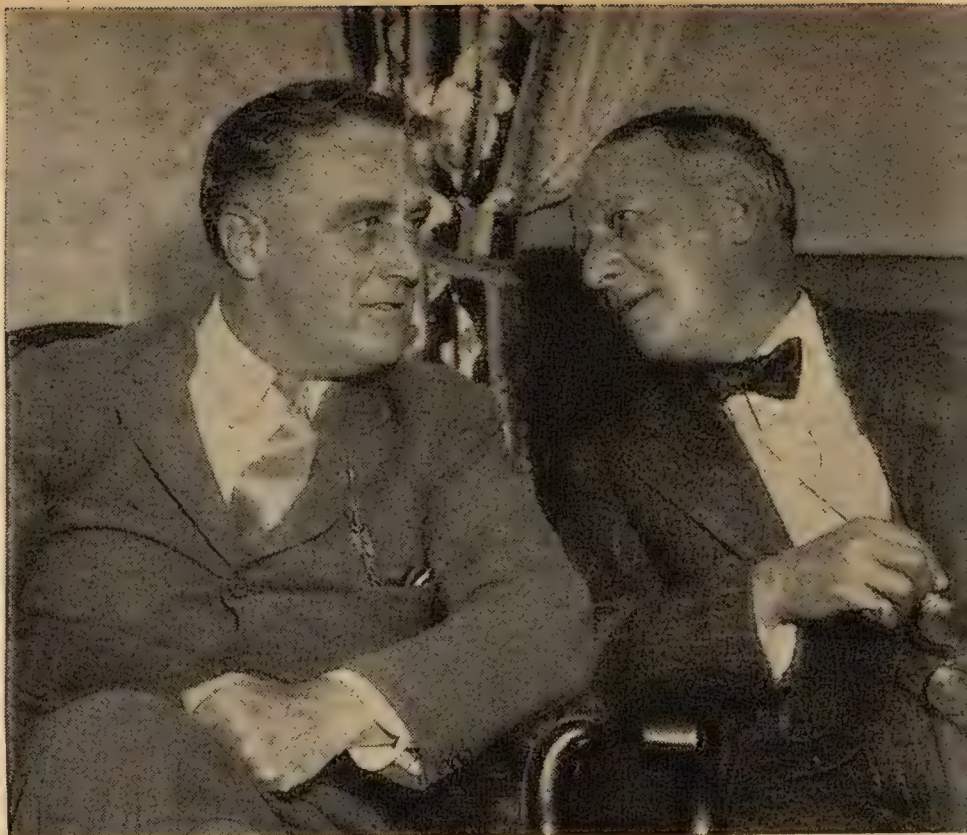
About Roosevelt's triumph over his affliction much has been written, and this is historically justified. It was not merely that he overcame his impediment; actually he gained by it. Fifteen years later his wife was able to write that, "restricted only by his inability to walk," he became "really stronger in some ways than before his illness." The principal exercise or sport open to him was swimming. Assiduous swimming enlarged his chest and increased its range of expansion. Not only did this increase his general vitality; it had a special effect, valuable to him in the political career he was later to have. It gave him resonance of voice, increased the depth and range of his tones, which had tended to be slightly high in pitch. This occurred during the very years when the radio was developing. By the time the radio became the medium of the public's intimate acquaintance with political personalities, Roosevelt had the best radio voice in public life.

About the effect that Roosevelt's experience had on his personality floods of discussion have run to two extremes—sentimentality going as far afield in one direction as malice in the other. At once to limit this sort of thing and to get somewhere with it, we had best divide it in two. There were the innate traits which Roosevelt had before his affliction, and the traits which came to him as a consequence of his triumph over it. About the first, Roosevelt's innate traits, this article says nothing—for to say anything at all would involve saying much and saying it with more fullness and discrimination than space here permits.



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Running mates in 1920: young Mr. Roosevelt with Governor Cox.



In 1928: Governor Roosevelt with Presidential candidate Al Smith.

To write adequately about Roosevelt's traits would be, as in the case of any comparable leader in any other period, to write much of his biography and much of the history of his time.

As to the second, the qualities that came to Roosevelt by reason of his triumph over his affliction, there was one that was indisputable. To have had affliction, to have been left with a physical handicap, and then to have triumphed over it was bound to give Roosevelt self-confidence, such self-confidence as few men ever have occasion to acquire. Eight years after his illness he could think, I had an affliction which dooms most of its victims to inertness and seclusion—and today I am Governor of New York. Four years later the contrast was even more vivid: he occupied the most exalted office in the contemporary world. Was any other man ever given such a franchise for self-confidence, and also for optimism? He could hardly avoid thinking: After the experience I have had, what obstacle is insuperable? If he had not self-confidence before, he was now sure to have it; if he had had some before, it must now be greatly increased.

The self-confidence would magnify the manifestations of his innate traits. If before he was a man of impulse, he would now be likely to translate impulse into action. If his innate traits had equipped him especially for some accomplishments, and less for others, in either event he was now likely to believe that accomplishment was attainable.

Following his illness, Roosevelt's first important public appearance happened to be dramatic, and fortuitously advantageous to him—not so much because of anything associated with himself as because of the background. It was in a speech nominating Governor Smith at the Democratic National Convention of 1924. Whether that convention was the most angrily contentious ever held by any party, or

was less so than the Democratic one on the eve of the Civil War, was a comparison not easily measured. Talk about that academic question was about the only mild aspect of the 1924 meeting. The conclusion was that while the Civil War convention lasted longer, the 1924 one was more bitter.

Chief of the contentions was one about something William Jennings Bryan described as “just three small words, three magic and mystical words”—words which Bryan wished omitted from the platform but which Smith and Smith's friends insisted should go in. The three words were “Ku Klux Klan.”

That the Klan must be alluded to was certain; with its connotations—religious, racial, sectional, and dry versus wet—it was so much in the foreground that it could not be ignored. The controversy was between a general condemnatory allusion to it and, on the other hand, specifically naming it and denouncing it. One version of the platform as proposed read merely, “We . . . deplore and condemn any effort to arouse religious or racial dissension.” In place of that, a minority insisted upon: “We oppose any effort on the part of the Ku Klux Klan . . . to limit the civic rights of any citizen or body of citizens because of religion, birthplace, or racial origin.”

On the choice between those versions, rarely was any majority and minority so evenly divided. After days of bitter debate, with angry taunts and countertaunts, on a tense roll call—prolonged because each side was determined to make every individual delegate and alternate who had a whole vote or a fraction of a vote go on record—the vote was 543³/₂₀ to 542⁷/₂₀. By sixteen-twentieths of a vote, in a total of 1,086 delegates, anonymous generalization won over specific denunciation.

With that bitter turbulence as background, but dissociated from it, Roosevelt made his speech. In the minds

of the delegates he came as from a different world. His very emergence upon the stage diverted them from bitterness. His appearance, upon crutches but holding his head gallantly high—with the manner, as some one said, of a spirited race horse—drew concentrated attention. He evoked sympathy that was destined to serve him later, for many who then looked upon him would be in the convention eight years hence, when he would himself be a candidate for the Presidential nomination.

Roosevelt began his speech with words of appeal for calm, bespeaking fair play and courtesy for all candidates and their friends. He recited Smith's merits. Borrowing from the gentlest of poets, Wordsworth, a phrase which through Roosevelt's quoting became widely requoted, he said that Smith was “the ‘Happy Warrior’ of the political battlefield.” The effect of Roosevelt's elevated speech against a background that was not elevated made the happiest possible impression for the speaker. The present writer, then a reporter at the convention, wrote: “A noble utterance; it will rank as the high point of the convention.”

Neither Roosevelt's speech nor any other power could nominate Smith in a convention which required a two-thirds majority. To about half the delegates Smith had become the resented symbol of one side of a bitter controversy. Corresponding symbol on the other side was William G. McAdoo. Between these two, tension and seesaw deadlock lasted through more than a hundred ballots—eight hot July days and most of the nights.

In the end both lost, each killed off the other. Roosevelt was to nominate Smith at yet one more convention, the 1928 one at Houston, Texas. This time Smith won.

Smith, nominated for the Presidency and mobilizing for the election, took up the first of his problems. It

was to carry New York—carrying that state would mean practically certain victory; losing it, defeat. To carry New York, it was desirable for Smith to have on the ticket with him a strong candidate for governor. Though Smith himself, in his candidacies for governor, had carried the state four times, there was doubt if he would carry it as a candidate for President. He recognized, as did public discussion, that there were voters, especially in rural upstate New York, many of them Republicans and drys, in whose minds would arise a distinction—while willing and accustomed to support the wet and Tammany and Catholic Smith for governor because of his excellent record in that office, they might be dubious about supporting him for President.

The attitude of such voters was frequently described in public discussion to the effect that "a Catholic in the Governor's Mansion at Albany was one thing—they were used to that—but the idea of a Catholic in the White House was novel."

What Smith needed on the ticket with him, as candidate for governor, was some one who would get the maximum vote for that office and also bring with him some votes for Smith. The candidate should be one who had strength of his own, who was kin to Smith politically and would carry on his policies, and at the same time was free from Smith's liabilities—some one not a Catholic, not a wet, and not Tammany.

One who met these specifications was Roosevelt. Smith called him by telephone at Warm Springs, Georgia. Roosevelt declined, and carefully buttressed his declination with a formal telegram:

"Confirming my telephone message . . . my doctors are very definite in stating that the continued improvement in my condition is dependent on . . . taking exercises here at Warm Springs during the cold winter months. . . ."

Smith resigned himself to Roosevelt's declination. But as further survey of the field found no one else ac-

ceptable, and as the convention approached, Smith again turned to Roosevelt.

Roosevelt at Warm Springs, anticipating that this might happen, eluded the telephone, went on a picnic, telling the hotel employees to say they did not know where he was.

All that day Lady Luck, in various guises but usually calling herself long-distance operator No. —, traipsed the red soil of the Georgia countryside pursuing one who fled her favor; almost the lady had to resort to a shotgun marriage. Late at night she caught up with him in the person of a rather frightened messenger, awed into sense of imperative urgency, who told Roosevelt there had been repeated calls from New York, that the long-distance wire was being held open at a village drugstore.

Smith repeated his appeal. Roosevelt repeated his declination. Finally Smith said: "One more question: If those fellows nominate you tomorrow, will you refuse to run?" Roosevelt hesitated. Quickly Smith seized upon the hesitation.

"All right," he said. "I won't ask you any more questions."

THE outcome, in the election the following November, justified Smith's choice of Roosevelt—but, unhappily for Smith, justified also the apprehension that had led him to make the choice. Roosevelt carried the state—but Smith lost it. Roosevelt's plurality was 25,000; Smith's deficit, 103,000. Approximately the sum of the two figures, about 128,000, represented voters who had voted for Roosevelt—but cut Smith.

Those 25,000 voters who composed Roosevelt's plurality were an agency of fate. They were not a large body—only about one half of one per cent of the total vote, one voter out of 400. Had they not existed, or had even half of them voted the other way, Roosevelt would have been known to history, if history had taken notice of him at all, as merely a man who ran for governor unsuccessfully—an epitaph ranking the politically deceased even

lower than having run for Vice-President unsuccessfully.

But by virtue of those 25,000 voters Roosevelt had acquired a momentous position. He was now a Democrat who had carried New York State in a Republican year, carried it when the Democratic candidate for President had lost it; when indeed the Democrats lost the whole country disastrously—Smith got only 15,000,000 votes to Republican Hoover's 21,000,000; 87 electoral votes to Hoover's 444.

Against such a trend, the Democrat who had carried New York was a marked man; Roosevelt had been tagged by destiny. But not conclusively. There would be another election for Governor two years later. Only if he won that would his momentum toward the Presidency be confirmed.

During the two-year term, Roosevelt continued the policies and reforms with which Smith had been identified. True, while Smith had left the state treasury with a balance of \$15,000,000, Roosevelt incurred a deficit of \$90,000,000. But that was overlooked, with much justification, on the same ground that accounted for much else then happening. The depression was under way; the Republicans were blamed for it. Roosevelt carried the 1930 New York election by the largest plurality ever received by any one, 725,001.

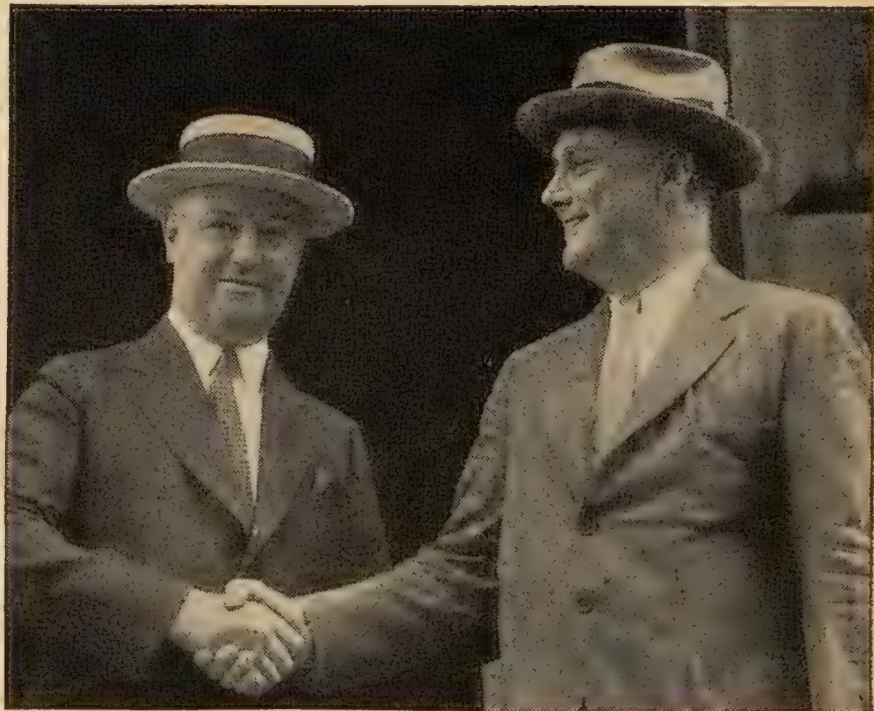
Exultingly a Democratic leader then coming into the public eye, James A. Farley, who had managed Roosevelt's campaign, gave out a statement looking two years ahead: "I fully expect that the call will come to Governor Roosevelt. . . . The Democrats in the nation naturally want as their candidate for President the man who has shown himself capable of carrying the most important state in the country by a record-breaking majority. I do not see how Mr. Roosevelt can escape becoming the next Presidential nominee of his party."

Next week Liberty will disclose a seemingly trivial incident in 1931 that did much toward making Roosevelt President.

In 1930; the Governor and future President at his Albany desk.



Manager Farley with his candidate as the 1932 campaign opened.



THE

CANNIBAL

AND THE PARSON

Like chuckles? Here's a captivating tale
you may not believe—All we guarantee
concerning it is that you'll find it fun

BY JACK LEONARD

READING TIME • 17 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

WHEN I was a little boy, our neighbor Mr. Jenkins used to tell me tales of Provincetown. That curious town on the sandy tip of Cape Cod is cluttered at present with odd-shaped summer visitors, but in Mr. Jenkins' youth before the Civil War it was more like a fleet of ships at anchor. Women went shopping in dories. The cows were fed on codfish insides, which made their milk rich in vitamin D but gave it a special flavor. The drinking water was brackish, and the tiny gardens were made of soil brought home as ballast.

Mr. Jenkins' family owned a shipyard where his father and uncles and cousins worked in amiable harmony. The mackerel boats they built were excellent in every material way, but they were not lucky. "They've drowned a hundred men," said Uncle Paul, a lugubrious man. "But it weren't their fault. They wasn't handled right."

Mr. Jenkins told me all sorts of tales. My favorites were those about Zeke the cannibal. He was a bronze-brown savage from near New Zealand. He got the name Ezekiel from a short-lived missionary.

Zeke signed on a whaling brig to

Cape Cod, and made his American debut in a style to which even Provincetown was unaccustomed. He came ashore in his South Sea Island full-dress suit. Its foundation was a kilt of figured cloth. Its features were anklets of brilliant feathers, a necklace of sharks' teeth, and a feather headdress like a bird of paradise. He also carried an eight-foot spear.

Zeke was a sight to see as he strolled along Commercial Street, enjoying the fishy smell. He was brightly tattooed. The groundwork was native and doubtless religious in its significance, but between his bronze-brown shoulder blades was a civilized addition. Zeke alone was enough to attract a crowd, and he moved with a growing retinue, but the tattooed picture on his back was the smash hit of the show. Little boys stared with popping eyes. Grown men blushed. Girls took a single look and ran to their intimates to tell about their experience.

Zeke strolled along unconscious. The crowd behind him was silent at first, but presently noises developed within it—whistles, guffaws, and little screams. He turned to see. The crowd swirled around him to get a closer look. One hoodlum pushed another against him. A third pushed Zeke. In a moment he would have been mobbed, but he brandished his spear and gave an appalling war whoop. The hoodlums shrank away. Zeke had no further trouble with them.

The law was another matter. When Zeke approached the Jenkins shipyard, Constable Fitts was puffing after him.

Uncle Paul stopped adzing a keel-

ILLUSTRATED BY PERRY PETERSON



son when Zeke arrived. "I take it you're a cannibal," he remarked.

"Sure," said Zeke, who knew that cannibalism was popular.

"Do you eat men most," asked Uncle Paul, "or women?"

"Women," said Zeke with an amiable smile. He'd been asked this question before and knew the more pleasing answer.

"Good," said Uncle Paul, an intense misogynist.

They beamed at each other. But soon the law arrived.

"Hey, you!" shouted Constable Fitts. "You're under arrest."

"What's he done?" asked Uncle Paul. The constable turned Zeke round. "Gosh!" said Uncle Paul. "I ain't seen nothing like that since I touched at Naples in my younger days."

"He ain't decent," said Constable Fitts. "I got to arrest him. The womenfolks are getting interested."

"I'll cover him up," said Uncle Paul. "He tells me he eats women. He can do some good around this town if he ain't too durned particular." He took Zeke into the shipyard. "You look pretty hungry," he said. "We'll give you some chowder, of female codfish."

Mr. Jenkins was seven years old when Zeke came to live at the ship-

yard. The luck of the Jenkins boats was getting worse and worse. They caught few fish and they drowned their crews with ominous regularity. Eventually no one would sign on a Jenkins-built boat and of course no owner would buy one.

"We can build a boat for us to go fishing in," said Uncle Paul. "Maybe she'll drown us too," he added lugubriously.

That was what the Jenkins brothers were doing when Zeke arrived. They had timber enough and fish to eat, but cash was mighty scarce. That first afternoon Uncle Paul set Zeke near the shipyard gate, covered with an old blue shirt. An unusual number of citizens stopped to chat. When they asked about Zeke, Uncle Paul uncovered his shoulder blades and collected ten cents for the Orphans' Home. By dusk he had five dollars, which he spent for rum and other necessities at Charles T. Dolan's saloon and general store.

As soon as Zeke learned that his shoulder blades were indelicate he had them expurgated, for he was extremely proper, but he made himself useful in other ways. He carried heavy timbers, shooed the sea gulls out of the chicken yard, and carried brackish drinking water from the well. His

He would have been mobbed, but he brandished his spear and gave an appalling war whoop. The hoodlums shrank away.



spare time he spent with Mr. Jenkins and with his playmate, Jane, the five-year-old daughter of Parson Greer, the grim and inflexible Orthodox minister who lived next door. For Jane he carved a wondrous doll with lizard claws, fierce eyes, and jagged teeth.

"Big good luck," Zeke told Uncle Paul. He stroked the doll on its ravening head. Then he put his hand to his mouth and gave the doll back to Jane. "She got good luck," he said. He patted his stomach and swallowed. "Bad luck all down here."

And sure enough! In less than a minute the druggist's wife came by and gave Jane some horehound candy.

"We need some luck around this place," said Uncle Paul. His lugubrious eyes lit up. "Look-a here, Zeke! You make us another doll—the luckiest gosh-blamed doll you can."

Zeke set to work and in a fortnight the doll was done, and about the same time the last-chance mackerel boat was ready for launching. Uncle Paul examined the carving with approval. It had fishy features, including a tail, but in general effect was a species of bird with backswept wings, sharp talons, and a screaming beak.

"Are you sure she's lucky?" he asked.

Zeke touched the bird-fish and cupped his hands. "Bad luck here." He swallowed and patted his stomach. "Bad luck all down here. Ship got big good luck."

"We're counting on it," said Uncle Paul.

He fixed the bird-fish under the bowsprit of the last-chance mackerel boat. By launching time a crowd had gathered. Some of the Orthodox disapproved, regretting that heathenism had raised its head in Provincetown, but they were in a minority. Provincetown was a child of the sea, and seafaring people are frequently pantheistic.

THERE wasn't much optimism, however. Nearly every Jenkins launching had produced some evil omen. This time everything went off smoothly. The boat was christened the Pot of Gold by little Jane with a bottle of rum, and she slid down the ways without a quiver. The only incident was Parson Greer, who pushed through the cheering crowd to take his daughter away.

That summer had started badly for Provincetown. The mackerel hadn't showed up. By the time the Pot of Gold was ready for sea the boats were cruising half out to the Azores in hopes that the fish were making a detour. The Jenkins brothers sailed her themselves with the aid of Zeke and a derelict drunk who feared no evil fortune except sobriety. In less than a week she was back from Boston, where she'd sold a full cargo.

The shipyard got plenty of orders after that. Zeke made a figurehead for every boat and swallowed her bad luck down. His wooden monsters grew famous, and the boats under their protection were uniformly lucky.

Mr. Jenkins was only a child when

these events took place, and his memories of them were incomplete; but Zeke himself he remembered vividly. He was gentle and kindly to a fault, but was not at all the rollicking Polynesian so much admired by civilized rollickers. At times he was gay, but these bright periods were interspersed with stretches of melancholy. He'd sit



"This is the part that doesn't quite come up to the book, Marie!"

in his shack with his head in his hands. Uncle Paul sat with him sometimes, lending lugubrious sympathy.

When Mr. Jenkins grew older, he observed that Zeke's worst spells came after a launching. One night he went to his shack. Zeke sat with his fingers laced in his straight black hair.

"What's the matter, Zeke?" asked Mr. Jenkins. "Tell me."

Zeke raised his head. "Bad luck down there!" he said in a hollow voice. He patted his stomach. "Dead men. Dead ships!"

Mr. Jenkins went to Uncle Paul, who proved to know all about it.

"Sure," he said. "Zeke's got a cargo of terrible luck, and he's scared to die with it on board. He's like the parson. The parson keeps smelling brimstone. Zeke's got shipwrecks in his stomach."

"Can't he wish 'em on somebody else?"

"He can but he won't. I'll show you."

They went to where Zeke was sitting in the sun. "Zeke," began Uncle Paul, "there's a lot of folks around this town that's got some hard luck coming to them."

Zeke looked patient. He'd covered this ground before.

"How about old maid Sadie Evans?" suggested Uncle Paul.

Miss Evans lived near the Charles T. Dolan saloon. She kept a public log of arrivals and departures and deserved at least a fall downstairs. Zeke shook his head.

"Or Banker Sims," said Uncle Paul. "He's a mean old cuss."

Zeke turned away. He did not consider Uncle Paul an acceptable theologian.

So it stood for several years. Zeke

swallowed the misadventures of all the Jenkins boats, and his fits of apprehension increased in frequency. He had another sorrow also. He was deeply hurt that Parson Greer, a fellow controller of unseen powers, did not accept him as a colleague. When he tried to talk shop, the parson glared and stalked away.

"Don't mind the parson," said Uncle Paul. "His missus died when Jane was born. He was pretty near crazy for a while, and he's been awash with doctrine ever since."

Zeke looked sympathetic. He went to his shack and locked himself in. It developed later that he took professional steps to secure for the parson no less than five new wives. He was not successful, but the story got out—to the parson's intense annoyance.

LITTLE Jane was another cause of friction. She loved to visit the shipyard. It was a delightful place to play. There were fragrant heaps of sawdust, barrels of pitch and tar. The harbor waves brought gifts from the sea—wooden net floats, dead monkey-fish, and the Jenkins brothers and their employees were forever bellowing amiably.

The parson disapproved, of course, but much of his time was spent in pastoral duties, taking hell-fire and brimstone to the Orthodox homes of Provincetown. As soon as he left the house, Jane jumped the low picket fence between the parsonage and the shipyard. Sometimes she sat with Zeke. Sometimes she sat with Uncle Paul. But most of her time, as she grew older, she spent with Mr. Jenkins in the paint shop.

These pleasant occasions often ended abruptly when the parson invaded the shipyard and led his daughter away. They'd move in a slow procession out the shipyard gate, the minister grim and straight in his dull black clothes.

"I got a feeling about the parson," said Uncle Paul, when Jane was seventeen. "If he was as bad as he acts, she wouldn't stay with him. She's old enough to wed, and there's plenty of sprouts that want her."

"Too blamed many," agreed Mr. Jenkins, who was then nineteen.

"I figure the parson's human," said Uncle Paul, "but he wears his religion all over his hide like prickles on a puff-fish."

Mr. Jenkins knew more, but he held his peace. Awhile ago he had asked Jane to marry him. She had burst into tears. "I can't leave my father," she wept. "Nobody likes him. He hasn't any friends—or anybody."

"There's no accounting for women," said Uncle Paul, "but men have got to keep 'em around or there wouldn't be no men."

Uncle Paul was not alone in observing this cumbered love affair. Zeke studied it also. One day he stopped Parson Greer on Commercial Street.

"Jane want to get married," he said.

The parson went white to his lips. A crowd began to gather, both the Orthodox and the otherwise.

"You let her get married," said Zeke, with a kindly smile. "I get you another girl just seventeen years old."

There came a loud guffaw from the less than Orthodox.

"You filthy savage!" screamed the parson. "You child of hell!"

He flew at Zeke with his fists. Zeke did not defend himself, and when they were separated his face was spotted with blood.

Uncle Paul pushed through the crowd. "Zeke didn't mean no harm," he explained. "He wanted to do you a favor."

"I've stood enough," snapped Parson Greer. He marched toward the office of Banker Sims, the keystone of the Orthodox Church and a justice of the peace. Uncle Paul and Zeke went back to the shipyard.

Soon Constable Fitts came. "I got to arrest you, Zeke," he said regretfully. "It's defamation of character."

The trial was held, and Zeke was sentenced to fourteen days in jail.

"Maybe it's all to the good," said Uncle Paul. "He can clear those shipwrecks out of his stomach. He's got an enemy now."

Zeke stood imprisonment badly. On the fourteenth day Uncle Paul and Mr. Jenkins led him back to the shipyard, a stooping, broken man.

"Anyway," said Uncle Paul, "you'll get shut of those shipwrecks. You can give the parson the bellyful."

Zeke shook his head and sadly explained the ethics of his profession. His powers over good and evil were a sacred trust. He must not use them for private ends.

"Heck!" said Uncle Paul. "What did your father do?"

Zeke explained that conditions were different. His native island had an enemy, another island forty miles away. His father would work for months giving good luck to boats and weapons, swallowing down the bad. Then, when the war canoes set out for the enemy island, he would hurl the bad luck ahead of them with all the effect of a bombing raid.

JANE was waiting at the shipyard. "They wouldn't let me see you in jail," she said. "Father told them not to."

"I do no harm," said Zeke.

"Of course you didn't. Father did wrong." She took his arm. "Come on. I made you a rhubarb pie. It's in the paint shop."

But it took more than rhubarb pie to comfort Zeke. In jail he had had time to brood, and his troubles weighed on him heavily. "Dead men!" he muttered. "Dead ships!" He patted his stomach. "I die," he said, "with bad luck all down here."

"Buck up," said Uncle Paul. "We'll think of some durned thing."

Far off down Commercial Street they heard the sound of a hand bell.

"It's the crier," said Uncle Paul.

The town crier came nearer. "War!" he was shouting. "Rebellion! Fort Sumter fired upon!"

"I was figuring on this," said Uncle Paul. "Zeke, Provincetown's got an

DON'T TAKE CHANCES

with bleeding gums—it may be

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4 OUT OF 5 may get it. Often leads to
PYORRHEA with its soft shrinking gums

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enemy now. The Rebels will take those shipwrecks off your hands."

Zeke at last agreed that the Rebels might do as well as less distant enemies. Next morning he was up at dawn, loading a dory with equipment. Uncle Paul and Mr. Jenkins leaned on the shipyard fence.

Soon Jane ran out and jumped the fence. "I'm ready!" she cried.

"Come on," said Uncle Paul. "I'd hate to be those Rebels."

Zeke was in the dory with his spear and various bundles. Mr. Jenkins waded out with Jane in his arms, a moment they both enjoyed. Then they rowed to the barren sandspit across the harbor and dragged the boat up on the beach.

"Zeke," said Uncle Paul, "tell us what to do. We're just parishioners."

Zeke took one of his bundles behind a dune. When he returned, he was clad in his South Sea island full-dress suit, but was not the gorgeous savage from the whale ship Sister Ann. Moths had got into his featherwork. His loincloth was faded gray. His tattooed skin was a blotchy blue. He seemed aware of his pathos, too, for he looked sad as he went to the sea and dipped his spear in the water.

"We're with you, Zeke," said Uncle Paul. "Buck up!"

Zeke lit a fire and fed it with chips he had saved from carving the figure-

heads. As they burned he whispered incantations, touching the flames with his spear. It was solemn and slow. By the time the chips were gone the wind had risen and the waves were thundering loud on a bar offshore.

"We'll have to drag the dory across the point," said Uncle Paul. "We can't get her through them breakers."

Zeke looked at him severely for interrupting, then told him to proceed with his part of the ceremony. Uncle Paul drew an arrow in the sand with its point toward South Carolina. He faced that way and described the Port of Charleston—the palmettos, the live oaks dripping with Spanish moss. Zeke stood with his spear beside the burned-out fire. His eyes were alight. The climax was near.

But the climax did not arrive.

"Gosh!" exclaimed Uncle Paul. "That feller's in trouble!"

Beyond the breakers tossed a skiff. "It's father!" screamed Jane. "He'll be drowned!"

Parson Greer was really in trouble. He'd blundered into a tide rip where very few boats could live. His skiff was half full of water and was drifting down on the offshore bar.

"Father!" cried Jane. She ran to the sea, which was calmer behind the bar, but Mr. Jenkins held her back.

"You can't swim," he said. "Neither can I or Uncle Paul."

They all stood helpless. The boat drifted closer. Above the breakers' roar they heard the minister's voice.

"Jane!" he called. "My daughter! Forsake your evil companions. Draw back from the brink of hell."

The skiff had almost reached the breakers when Zeke ran down the beach and dived into the sea. He swam with a curious stroke, half under water, and reached the skiff as the waves smashed it down on the bar. It broke into splinters. Zeke and the minister both disappeared in a smother of foam and wreckage.

Jane hid her face in her hands. Uncle Paul and Mr. Jenkins waded out as far as they could. At last they saw the two men close together. They drew them up on the beach. The minister was unconscious. Zeke's right arm was broken. He collapsed when they got him ashore.

THE minister was the first to regain consciousness. "Where is he?" he asked. "Where's Zeke? Is he dead?"

"No, but he's broken his throwing arm," said Uncle Paul.

Zeke came to suddenly. "I die!" he screamed. He started to tremble.

"Buck up," said Uncle Paul. "We'll do the whole thing over again. I'll throw that spear myself."

Zeke shook his head. By this time Parson Greer had got to his knees. He crawled to where Zeke lay. His grimness was gone. He looked as if he had taken off a mask, and his face was soft and shy beneath it.

"He returned me good for evil," he said gently. "He was like our Lord."

Zeke opened his eyes. He smiled when he saw the minister and spoke a few vague words. Uncle Paul bent down to whisper with him. Then he looked the minister in the eye.

"He says you can help him. You're a man of religion."

"You mean—?"

"I don't mean Orthodox prayers."

The minister was silent, kneeling in the sand. At last he looked up. "I'll do it," he said.

They helped Zeke back to the burned-out fire and propped him against the dory. Uncle Paul resumed his description of Charleston. Zeke gave directions. The minister stood with the spear, facing the sea. His lips were firm and his face was pale.

Uncle Paul conferred with Zeke. "Now run to the water," he told the minister, "and throw that spear."

The minister did not hesitate. He threw the spear a surprising distance. Then he knelt beside Zeke.

"Did I do it right?" he asked.

"Bad luck gone," Zeke smiled and patted his stomach. "No more!"

Jane kissed her father. Uncle Paul shook his hand.

"Thank you, parson," he said. "We won't tell the congregation."

"I shall tell them myself," said the minister. "I shall preach about it next Sunday." He looked down at Zeke. "I shall tell how he risked his life and his hope of Paradise. I shall call him the finest Christian in Provincetown."

THE END



"We just got a complaint from a dairy. The last sour note you hit curdled twenty-four quarts of Grade A!"

THIS MAN'S WAR



OFFICIAL U. S. COAST GUARD PHOTO

Coast Guard patrol on horseback to thwart saboteur attempts.

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

I HAVE been down here for five months now, and I can't seem to get over being lonesome and homesick. I've made a lot of good friends; I join in the sports; I write letters and get plenty of answers. I've done just about everything to take my mind off home, but every day I miss it and my folks more. I want to do my part in this war, but I haven't been able to learn much about the Army because I cannot keep my mind on it.

At this rate, when I go into battle I will not know enough even to take care of myself, let alone fight for my country. It doesn't seem as though I can stand it much longer. Is there any way I can get a transfer to a camp in my home state or nearer my home city?

Pvt. C. C., Camp Polk, La.

Every soldier has his blue days, even his blue weeks, but no soldier can afford to have blue months, both for his country's sake and his own. I'm not calling you a crybaby and a mama's boy; that wouldn't help you. I don't know your age, but whatever it is, you're a man now and you've got to do a man's job—which does not include time for self-pity or an aggravated case of those old-home blues. Weigh your present privileges against those you'd have if Hitler and Hirohito were head men here. Then ask yourself what right you have *not* to learn how to defend your liberty and that home of yours because your mind isn't on your present job.

The Army isn't a voracious machine grinding down its men; it's fair and honest with

men who are fair and honest with it. You are not being fair with the Army and you are not being honest with yourself when you let your blues dominate your life. If all your buddies had your attitude this would be one hell of an Army and you'd have no home to go back to when it's all over. You cannot get a transfer for such a reason. So make your present Army home the best place to be away from home.

* * *

In the matter of comparative hospitality the civilians of Australia can make the civilians of America hang their heads in shame. Down here, it is nothing unusual to be walking along the street and have a civilian stop you, introduce himself, and ask you home for "a spot of tea." This usually turns out to be a very nice dinner with all the entertainment the home affords. It's happened to me several times, and it never did once in the States.

Pvt. V. C. H.,

Somewhere in Australia.

That's mighty nice and I'm delighted to print your report on the fine hospitality of the folks down under. But don't think it doesn't happen back in the States too. It does. I've seen it. And it's increasing.

* * *

My fiancé is at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. I spent last week-end in Chicago and we were lucky enough to have some time together. We visited some of Chicago's so-called elite night clubs. I'm willing to overlook a great deal, but I can hardly yet comprehend the crude and

insulting treatment we received from the waiters, captains, and managers. I assure you that our behavior was above reproach, so I can only conclude that unless a service man is in commissioned officer's clothes he is automatically ostracized and abused by that stratum of society.

You see, Sarge, my fiancé is only a Pharmacist's Mate, although he was a highly successful optometrist in civilian life. In all fairness, I must say that we received every courtesy at hotel restaurants such as the Palmer House. But those night clubs are a disgrace to the city of Chicago.

Miss V. L., Detroit, Mich.

How's about cleaning house, Chicago?

* * *

A few months ago you stated that men with vision ratings of 20/200 uncorrected but correctible to 20/40 were acceptable for Officer Candidate Schools. Yesterday I took my physical at the Pittsburgh recruiting office, and was rejected because the minimum rating uncorrected must be 20/100. Who is right?

R. D. T., East McKeesport, Pa.

I was, and still am. But you may not remember that I qualified my original statement, whereas you make it general. To settle the argument, I quote from War Department Circular 126, dated April 28, 1942: "Qualification of applicant (Officer Candidate School). Visual Acuity.—Applicants whose visual acuity is below 20/100 but not below 20/200 in each eye without glasses if correctible to 20/40 in each eye and who are otherwise qualified will be eligible for commission for duty with the Medical Administrative Corps, the Quartermaster Corps, the Finance Department, the Ordnance Department, the Chemical Warfare Service, the Adjutant General's Department, and Army Air Force Administrative Installations."

* * *

I am interested in knowing if there is any Army Regulation or particular custom in the United States Army that would give the C. O. of a line organization the authority to designate for Officer of the Guard or to select for guard duties a Medical Officer of a Medical Detachment belonging to that particular organization. I have been a Reserve Officer for over ten years and also on active duty for about a year with a different regiment, and this contemplated assignment is new and unexpected.

*First Lieut. (Bewildered),
Address Confidential.*

If a Commanding Officer deems it necessary or advisable to use a Medical Officer for guard duties, there is no regulation to prevent it. However, it is unusual to make a Medical Officer do a tour of guard duty.

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

THESE RANGERS ARE

TOUGH

A famous correspondent and broadcaster from abroad tells vividly of the first American soldiers to meet the Nazis on the soil of Europe in this man's war

Cabled from London by

ROBERT ST. JOHN

who wrote *From the Land of Silent People*

READING TIME • 6 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

THESE Rangers of ours are tough. They know that war, the way the Nazis fight it, is no game for sissies. They know the only way to beat Nazis is to be tougher than they are. The Rangers who went over to Dieppe were tougher than the Nazis, and so are the rest of them who at this very moment may be embarking for another invasion test while I'm writing these words or while you're reading them.

For years Hitler has been talking to his people about "soft decadent democracies"; but in that first clash between American and German soldiers on European soil in this war a few Nazis were disillusioned. They found that manhood in America isn't so decadent after all.

Of course only a handful of Rangers took part in that first really big combined operation. It was principally a Canadian show, with a lot of Britishers and some Frenchmen in it, too, but it gave us a chance to see how 1942-vintage American youth acts under fire.

I've talked to a lot of those Rangers since they came back. I've been prying into their minds, getting their reaction to the grim kind of war that was fought in those few hours on the beaches of France—the kind of war that some day will be fought right up to the gates of Berlin. These boys weren't killers by nature. They were ordinary guys just like you and me until they went into the army. One was a bartender from Ohio who hadn't ever seen any action before, unless you count the time some drunk hit him with a bottle and he laid the drunk out cold. One was a railroad worker from Minnesota who had a little argument once with some of the boys on the job but never drew blood in his life. One was a magazine salesman from North Dakota who used to feel like punching some one occasionally when he got doors slammed in his face, but was really a mild fellow at heart.

Then they went into the army and were trained for the toughest job there is—a Commando attack in France. How do you think you'd feel if you



had orders to land on a beach swept by machine-gun fire, then climb steep cliffs within range of snipers' rifles, then charge a concrete-and-steel pillbox probably full of well armed Nazi soldiers, with enemy planes roaring over your head all the time and, behind those pillboxes, the entire Panzer strength of Hitler's western army? Well, some of these American boys have told me how they felt.

I have said they're tough. They are. They've been taught there's only one thing to do to a guy who is aiming a tommy gun at you. They've been taught that you can do it with your own gun or knife or hand grenade or with a few tricks of jujitsu. They know you can't reason with a man who has a tommy gun aimed at your heart.

But these boys of ours are human,

too. They had fear at times. Occasionally their knees trembled. They had thoughts soldiers aren't supposed, in storybooks, to have. When they came back and sat with us, talking about it over a glass of beer in London, they admitted all those things. Maybe that's the secret of how they got along so well with the Canadians and the Englishmen in the party. They were honest.

The bartender from Ohio told me how once, over there on French soil, he faltered a split second—then the English Commando man behind him gave him a lusty slap on the back and said, "Steady, Yank!" That was all the young fellow from Ohio needed. He charged ahead into the thick of the machine-gun fire. He did his job. He got his quota of Nazis. And he came

Their faces blackened in Commando style, these Rangers are practicing a landing—in Dieppe style!—at a British Commando depot “somewhere in the United Kingdom.”



back to tell the tale and admit with a sheepish sort of grin that the slap on the back from the Englishman was what did it.

Let's examine the mind of one of these typical Rangers from the moment the boat approaches the shore of France until it is heading homeward across the water hours later. Here's American honesty—no attempt at false heroics. Here's what goes through your head when Death stares you in the eye and starts shaking dice and you wonder who's going to win.

I*N the boat:*

So that's France, eh? Looks just like any other piece of land—no sign of any Nazis yet. In a few minutes we'll be there. Wonder if I'll get back all in one piece. Quiet so far—but all

hell will be breaking loose pretty soon. I'm sweating like a steer. Wonder why. Of course I'm nervous; just like that time when I had to make a speech back in high school. Maybe I'm scared, too. Wonder if these other guys are scared.

Hope I can remember all the instructions. Yes, the old knife's there in the legging all right. Maybe I'll have to use it. *In, twist, and out*—that's what they told us. Wonder if those Hitler rats have got knives. . . .

Boy! We're going to make history today! Kids'll be reading about this fifty years from now in their school-books. That won't do me any good if I get bumped off. . . . God, but this boat seems to be going slow. Wish I wasn't sweating so much. I can just hear the guys talking back home tomorrow when this gets into the papers. They probably won't know I was in it, but I know how jealous they'd be if they only did know. We used to talk a lot about the war and killing Nazis. Now I'm going to help a lot of Canadians do just that. I'm going to be one of the first Americans to land in France in this war. Hot stuff! Fifty years from now I may be telling my grandchildren about today—that is, if I get back.

I sure hope the Canucks get all the credit for this show. Cripes, but they're a swell bunch! They've been over here a long time, waiting for today. They're tough. Wonder if I'm tough. Well, we'll see pretty soon. Gosh, but I'm sweating. . . .

U*P the cliffs:*

Cripes, listen to those bullets whistle! That last volley came close—keep your head down, boy. . . .

I'm not afraid now. Guess I can take it after all. Noise and smoke and smells seem to give me guts. Gotta get to that pillbox and wipe it out—if we don't, it may spoil the whole show. Get going, fellow! Shake the lead out! You're an important little wheel in a great big machine. Remember what they told you—everybody's important, every job's gotta be done just right on the nose and by the clock. Faster, or some one'll think you're yellow, and you're not—you know that now, so get going. . . .

L*YING in a ditch beside the road:*

I'm not a praying man, but I feel like praying now. Not for myself—that's funny. I feel kinda like praying for these French people. Gosh, I wish I'd been good in history in school! I always flunked it. Who was that guy Lafayette? I remember something about “Lafayette, we are here.” Suppose it's crazy to think of things like that now—only, it—

Hey, who's that coming down the road? Yes, they're Nazis all right! Coming right toward us, a whole column—maybe ten, maybe twenty—and there are only half a dozen of us. But they won't know we're here. They'll probably go right by us if we keep quiet—but then they'd probably surprise some of our guys and bump 'em off. . . .

Not yet. Wait until they get closer. Hope my hand isn't shaking. I've got a bead on 'em. . . . Now pull the trigger, you fool! . . .

That did it. Knocked that first Nazi right off his feet. Cripes, look at that guy behind me—he clipped off two Nazis with one bullet! . . .

Now they're scattering. We've done it—we've bumped off half of 'em and the rest have taken it on the lam. I feel better now. This Garand's a damned good rifle!

Let's go. We've gotta keep on schedule or get left behind. Maybe the boats have gone already. . . .

O*N the way back to the beach:*

Why won't my legs go faster? Cripes, listen to those bullets whistle by! Can't even tell where they're coming from. Wish my heart would stop pounding that way—wish my legs *would* go faster. I'm scared again. Why don't those fellows in front of me get a move on? They're waiting in single file to go over that fence like a bunch of sheep. I'll get killed sure as hell, standing here waiting. . . .

I'm going on my own. I'm going round the end of that fence. . . . Why are they all looking at me? Probably think I'm yellow. Well, I'm not, only—

“Whadda you say, Tommy?”

“Steady. Go slow.”

“O. K., buddy. I'll get back in line. No, I'm all right now, thanks. No, I'm not scared—not now. . . .”

Cripes, look at those apples hanging right down over the path! Haven't had an apple in—

“Hey, pick one for me, Jack!”

My God, they're sour! French apples must be like Nazi bullets—but *they* can't scare me any more—to hell with 'em! I'm as good as them. . . .

Those boats down there look a million miles away. Wonder how many of us they'll clip off on the way down the cliffs.

“Let me give you a hand with that mortar, Tommy. I'll take one end for you. No, I'm all right now.”

B*ACK in the boat:*

Well, here we are. Cripes, look at those planes! Maybe they'll sink us on the way home. Well, thank God I can swim, anyway. Those R. A. F. boys sure are putting up a swell show. Wonder how many American pilots have been tangling with Messerschmitts—

Look at that Nazi plane coming down, all on fire! Have to take your hat off to the R. A. F.! If it hadn't been for them we wouldn't be here now. Must take lots of guts to be a flyer. . . . My gosh, but a cup of hot coffee is going to hit the spot. . . .

Well, it's about over, isn't it? Now I know what it's like. You get scared and get covered with sweat and sometimes everything goes black. But next time it'll be different. I've had my whadda-you-call-it—my baptism of fire. Guess a guy can get used to anything. . . . Cripes, but that French apple was sour!

THE END

Bill was on the ground when the student pilots came racing up. One of them had a piece of towrope in his hand. He shouted, "It's all yours, Mr. Hendricks! Or was the wheel out of line? Or the skid bent? Or—"

"Whoever pulls a boner wears a length of towrope around his neck until another boner is pulled," Hendricks explained hastily. "And they love this. They know, because I've told them, that there isn't one legitimate excuse for not getting between the lines. They—"

Students crowded around, grinning broadly. "Mr. Hendricks," Tex drawled, "as a civilian, you may not be subject to regulations, but we will listen to your explanation just the same." He imitated the instructor's voice as he went on, "My dear fellow, why didn't you use your eyes?"

"That was just it," said Bill. "He did. Didn't you see what happened? A rattler was asleep on the field, and a road runner was going at him so fast that it made a regular streak. It looked just like a line." He broke through the howl with, "Anyhow, I was at the controls. You can give the rope to me."

As it was loosely knotted around his neck, Hendricks protesting that it shouldn't be done following a man's initial flight, Bill thought again what a swell gang this was. Good to train with. And, before long, good to fight with, in Egypt or Formosa or over the plains of China, wing to wing.

Then, as all began to walk in noisy companionship toward quarters, a power ship was heard, and every one stopped. It wasn't one of the hottest ships, but looked like a fast 35 or 36. It was coming down, to be beautifully landed.

Bill's eyes widened when he saw that Morrison was the pilot.

"More of the fellows will be in tomorrow," Morrison said to Bill. "We've been ordered to . . . Say, what the devil's that around your neck? Are you going to be strung up as a cattle thief, Bill?"

WHAT had been funny a moment ago wasn't funny now. *He'll think I'm a bust here, too*, Bill supposed. He said, "Just a custom of the country. It's something which—"

"—acts as a charm against snakes," Tex broke in smoothly. "The initiation into the society of gliders. Makes Bill a full-fledged member. One of us."

There it was, Bill thought warmly: the gang standing by a member. They were proud of their detachment, jealous of their part in the army air forces. He said, "I could buy cokes," although he really wanted the men to know what he thought of them. However, a fellow couldn't say what was in Bill's heart.

He asked casually, later, "How is Anne?" And Morrison told him that she was fine.

I've got to get my glider wings before writing her, Bill decided. *I've got*

to produce. If I tell her now what I think of glider piloting, she'll merely think I'm puffing something after having been washed out.

When other pilots arrived on the desert and set their ships down, rumors of a dozen different varieties began to sweep through quarters. More power ships had come, according to one guess, in order to give the glider detachment a taste of piloting them. Another rumor was that power-ship pilots needed experience in formation towing, and that when they

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 19

1. That of commander.
2. Jackie Coogan; now piloting a glider for the army.
3. United States Steel and five subsidiaries—Carnegie-Illinois Steel Corp., Columbia Steel Co., American Steel and Wire Co., National Tube Co., and the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Co.
4. The Iowa, launched August 27, 1942, at the New York Navy Yard in Brooklyn.
5. Because Duluth just doesn't tolerate pollen. The prevailing winds off Lake Superior blow it away from the city.
6. "Sweet Sue," "Sweet Adeline," "Sweet Eloise," among others.
7. He's fighting with the Rangers, America's Commandos.
8. Foxholes.
9. "Pie-eyed" (intoxicated); "pancake" (type of plane landing); "corny" (music not in the groove); "beef" (complain); "fishy" (not genuine).
10. 600,000.
11. West Point's new cadet air-training field near Newburgh, N. Y.
12. New York's Mayor LaGuardia.
13. No. Letters in calls of this kind are selected on the basis of the speed and clarity with which they can be transmitted.
14. Long hair. Rapunzel's boy friend climbed a tower when she let down her hair from above. Godiva used it as a clothing substitute; and Veronica uses it as an eyeshade.
15. "My Struggle." (And it's gonna be a tough one.)
16. Henry J. Kaiser.
17. George M. Cohan.
18. "Ducky" Medwick of the Brooklyn Dodgers thought he had a hit during a series at St. Louis and the scorer said it was an error.
19. Vice-President Wallace.
20. Jack Dempsey (coastguard) and Gene Tunney (navy) are conditioning our fighting men; Joe Louis (army).

had received such training, all would go overseas. There were a dozen different stories.

ON the sixth day following Talbot's arrival, when the men were drawn up on the field, the C. O. addressed them. The captain's face was grave, as were those of the officers behind him. The detachment stood straighter and seemed tougher, leaner, more keen than before. Ready!

"Power-ship patrols in this area have ceased," Captain Hale said. "We are now assigned forest patrol. Power stations are vital. Their position and isolation make them vulnerable to sabotage. If you see smoke when on patrol, return and report it. Our gliders, as you know, are not radio-equipped. If you should be too distant, or are caught in a downdraft, descend to the nearest station and furnish them the fire's location. Use your best judgment in emergencies.

"The power ships and their cadet pilots will assist. All of you will be alert." The captain smiled briefly.

"You can guess that you are releasing former patrol units for other duties. Remember this: a fire can be controlled only if observed at the very start. Act without hesitation. This is a test of glider efficiency. I know that you will do well. That is all."

Engines were being warmed. Final instructions were given every student pilot. Binoculars and side arms were issued.

Talbot saw Morrison waving at him, and the white oblong of paper in Joe's hand was obviously a letter. He heard Morrison call, "Lucky but dumb," which didn't make sense to Bill.

Then Tex Smith and Bill Talbot were in one glider, number two in formation. Not until they were off the ground, with a glider on each side, did Tex shout, "I'd like my emergency in the form of a bowlegged Jap."

The first release was made high and to the north of the field, the second beyond; Bill and Tex, having been between the others, let go last. It was a full ten minutes before they found green air and soared high.

They could see the bright desert to the south, the northward mountains, and the dark forest beyond, where streams threaded through, and where small flats were vivid patches green with mimulus and wire grass. Power lines ran from the stations to the coast, over mountain and across canyon. The lines, like the stations, were kept under guard day and night. But fire could destroy transmission as well as production of the energy from the brawling rivers.

"A swell time for the Nips to make trouble," Tex remarked. "Things are dry. A fire will spread fast."

"Weather is on our side, too," said Bill, watching a power ship, radio-equipped, cruise above the gliders, with the observer undoubtedly keeping an eye on them, in case one were caught in a downdraft or made a sudden motion which might indicate trouble. "We could see the thinnest trickle of smoke here. A least flame would be visible."

As the day wore on, Bill realized fully the amazing way in which the gliders, without power, could stay in the air. No wonder he had heard some of the pilots talk about transportation after the war, when a transcontinental plane would tow gliders with passengers in formation and, without landing, release one glider at Chicago, a second at Omaha, the third at Salt Lake City. . . .

HE had not heard from Anne, but this might be his fault. *When we get down, Bill figured, I'm going to call her. I'll say, "Please, listen," and then I'll tell just how much of an idiot I've been, and before she can agree I'll add, "Can I come and see you anyhow?"* It was funny how being in the air made a fellow think straight, and to realize that while power-ship pilots might prefer their savage little combat planes, they didn't belittle gliders in the least.

Tex said, as they were losing altitude, "Let's find that ridge current,"



"I've brought along some of my husband's socks today. They need darning very badly."

and gave the glider the right rudder. The sun set. The most dangerous time of all, evening, when dim light and heat haze would make smoke detection doubly difficult, darkened sky and earth. The two men, like those in the other widely spaced gliders, which for the half hour of dusk would be almost impossible for the cruising power ship to see, were more alert than ever. Eyes were beginning to burn and ache from heat and from staring.

"Moon'll be up soon," said Tex. "I like moon with gal. Right now I'll take the moon all by itself."

Bill said, "That's right." Did he see smoke? Or haze? Or nothing? He said, "On my side, Tex—the flat midway between the station and that big canyon. The one below the spot where we thought there was an antiaircraft outfit in the semicircular clearing." He was pointing. "See anything?"

"Maybe haze," said Tex. The glider dipped. "Maybe smoke. Maybe nothing. We take a look, Bill?"

Talbot had already nosed the glider down. He put it into a tight spiral.

"I'll rise on the thermal over the top of the canyon," he shouted. "Is it really smoke, Tex? Yell when you're sure."

Down the glider spiraled toward the flat, the little mountain meadow between trees, from which the smoke was rising; there was an air song in Bill's ear. Fifteen hundred feet. A thousand. Seven hundred. Five . . .

"It's fire!" Tex cried suddenly. "Just startin' in the flat. I can see men! Emergency, Bill! Let's get 'em. Come on, boy!"

Orders flashed in Talbot's head. He could feel the lift, the surge of a thermal. There was no time to think now, nor to calculate how long it might be before he could sail the glider high and near the power ship, nor to the field . . . there was no time

to think. And in that fraction of time while his hands waited to do the bidding of his head, he heard sounds like the popping of a distant power-ship's exhaust, and saw Tex slump, face forward. Another bullet shrilled as it rasped against metal. Others whined past Talbot's lowered head, screamed through the cockpits, ripped through the wings.

Bill yelled, "You bet we'll get 'em, Tex!" and held the glider to its angle of descent toward the flat from which the shooting was coming. Thought of soaring, reporting, escape was all gone.

One more spiral, tight, because he was in a desperate hurry to reach ground. Something stinging his left shoulder. Biting. Burning. Bill had one confused picture of figures running. Five or six. Squat men. Yellow.

The meadow, with the forest around it, was rising like a sheet of steel being thrust upward at the glider.

"We'll get 'em!" Bill yelled again. The squat men, who must be Japanese, did not scatter, and obviously were carrying out an order to destroy the glider lest it manage to rise and report what they were doing. They kept shooting, kept in a compact group.

Bill had absolute control of the glider. At the last possible instant, below the giant trees, he had elevators and rudder so that the nose was slightly up; and, as his fingers tightened, there was impact. Not wheel nor skid. Like a scythe, the right wing, airfoil slashed against the Japanese who now, too late, attempted to run.

The ship whirled, careened; fabric ripped, wood splintered. Tex was hurled against the side of the cockpit where he had slumped; Talbot, all in the same fragment of time, was half thrown, half actually leaped from his own cockpit. His .45 was out. He fired at a figure which was racing toward him from the edge of the forest, and missed, and fired again. He flashed

1917 WAR RUN BY TELEPHONE

1942 WAR RUN BY RADIO

For Instance . . .

...during the battle of Midway the men in the radio room of an American aircraft carrier got a chuckle. They overheard two very excited Japanese talking—and they didn't sound happy . . . (news item)

... there were 81 enemy bombers—swarms of fighters above and below... when they were spotted the call went out over the radio—... the Marines piled into them. (news item)

Interesting!

Watch for radio use in the war news — you'll find it in the air — on the ground — and at home!

WITHOUT radio, the movement of war would still be anchored by telephone lines—the physical hazards of the courier and visual signals.

Now war moves swiftly over the whole face of the earth—instantaneous radio communication thru the ether instead of over copper wires has blasted the barriers of space and time.

So today all our radio production centers on war use.

But what of tomorrow—what effect will this have upon the future—after victory?

One thing is certain—it will revolutionize and speed the great new future form of transportation.

Radio has never been universally necessary in transportation before. In automobiles—on trains—it has been entertainment—in boats it has been a great aid but not an essential.

But today for the future, in that great, new universal transportation that is forming itself—the airplane—radio is essential as the engine itself.

And—mark this well—airplanes and radio are two of the four great industries destined to lead this country back to business normalcy after the peace is won.

Zenith's leadership in the radio industry has been established by a constant achievement of "firsts." Repeatedly, ideas "brand new" when Zenith "first" introduced them, later became essentials on all radios. And that same "forward thinking" of engineers and factory and organization now concentrates on war production of the thing we know—radio—exclusively radio. We are progressing—we learn every day—and this new experience will inevitably reflect itself when Zenith again produces for peace.

—a Zenith Radio Dealer near you is giving reliable service on all radios—regardless of make.

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around, saw the other Japanese on the ground, bleeding; one crawled, but the others lay motionless.

He could smell smoke, and ran toward it, heedless that any of the Japanese who were alive might shoot him in the back.

What the saboteurs had been doing was instantly obvious. In order to get their fire started, it was necessary to get the high-growing, forty-feet-from-the-ground lower tree branches into flame, which then would spread and leap through the forest until it was a crackling, roaring inferno. They had piled grass, which burned almost without smoke, and dead dry limbs against the trunk of one tree. More of the branches, longer, to carry the kindled fire upward, were in a nearby heap, waiting to be added to carry the flames higher and higher.

Talbot kicked the blaze apart, stamping on it. There was not time to properly extinguish it. Not yet. He had to see to the Nips. If one recovered, like the one who had been crawling, and ambushed him the fire could be started anew. So, revolver ready, Bill slipped from tree to tree. . . . He had to make certain that the saboteurs could not accomplish what they had intended to do.

WITHOUT warning, the moon cleared mountain and forest. Bill could see the flat as if it were day, and he began to grin at what he saw.

Tex was still in the glider. But he had his gun out and steadied on the cockpit edge and covering two of the Japanese who had risen to their feet. The others were still on the ground. All of the saboteurs' weapons had been knocked far from them by the impact of the glider's wing.

"Move a little," Tex was saying. "Go on. Move or wriggle. I'll be satisfied with a wriggle. Don't look dumb. You know what I'm saying. Go on. Wriggle. Just one little wriggle. Just—"

Bill called, "Easy, Tex! They'll make good pack horses for you."

He began to whistle a little as he walked . . . and after the Japanese had been bound and the two glider pilots were smoking and watching their prisoners, there was sound overhead and, growing, a shadow on the flat.

The power-ship pilot, in the dusk, must have finally observed that one of the gliders was missing, and then, cruising swiftly in search, had seen the crumpled glider on the flat.

"There you are," said Tex. "We get us some Japs. We get wounded, too, making us heroes. And when it's all over"—he and Bill were both looking up—"a fancy power-ship pilot finally wakes up to the fact that there's one glider missing, and comes around to get the glory."

It was Morrison's ship. It came lower and lower, swooping in a beautiful arc between the trees, and rose again. And returned. Morrison must have seen the prisoners, as well as the glider, because he waved wildly. When the plane roared back over the trees,

so that the tops shook as in a storm, Tex said, "A flyer."

Bill nodded. A good one. The next thing to do was to have poles cut, and to rig up a litter. Two bullets had found Tex, one in the arm, the other a glancing one on the head, which had stunned him. He himself, shoulder or no shoulder, felt rather good. He hadn't failed in this job.

"He's comin' back," said Tex. "Now what?"

The power-ship's struts sang like wind in the trees; the engine thundered . . . co-ordination of control pressures with air speed . . .

Morrison had thrown something from the plane so expertly that it drifted down, slightly weighted, near the smashed glider. Bill walked over and picked it up. He untwisted wire to which paper was attached; and the writing on the envelope, beyond mistaking, was Anne's. On the envelope was scrawled in pencil, "You may be a damned good pilot but you are still dumb. Tried to give you this letter, which I received just before the alert."

Because it should have been congratulatory and might be an order as to what they should do next, Tex had been reading the penciled words.

"Where does he get that dumb stuff?" he demanded.

Bill said, "I was washed out of power-ship flying, you know. Perception slow. Reactions not satisfactory. I—"

"Nuts," said Tex. "Whoever said so should've seen you land. Not that I did. I was out cold. But I can guess. I wouldn't wonder," he said, "if, after this, you get another shot at combat flying, boy."

"Nuts," said Bill. "I'm happy."

As he looked at the note inside the envelope his cheeks warmed and he began to whistle softly. So . . . so that was how it was with Anne. Morrison had tried to give him the letter, in which Joe had been asked about Bill, and asked so obviously that there could be no doubt as to what Anne meant. He thought, *What a heel I've been! And what a swell guy Joe is, to have dropped the letter after he'd done his job of checking on the glider.*

He said, "Morrison will report us. All we've got to do is wait until a detail comes after our prisoners and us. We'll be shipped out for hospitalization, Tex."

"What's funny about that? Oh," Tex chuckled, "see your gal. H'mm. Has she got a friend, William? A blonde?"

Bill felt so supremely elegant that he deviled, "Not for you to meet, unless you lay off road-runner stories."

"Road runners," said Tex. "Power-ship pilots name their planes. Why don't we name our ships? Road Runner Number One? Road runner Number Two?" He glanced at the bound prostrate Japanese and his eyes hardened. "Why not? Road runners are birds which kill snakes."

Bill thought, *Glider carrying attacking troops over China, Formosa, Korea. Over Japan!* He said, "It's a go, Tex."

THE END

OUTWIT THAT FATIGUE!



**BY PHOEBE
RADCLIFFE**

**Milady war worker, does
the job get you down? You
can lick it . . . Here's how**

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

ARE you a girl with a new job in a war plant? Are you so tired at night that your dearest wish is to go to bed for a week? Don't despair. There are ways to outwit Old Man Fatigue.

Remember *Posture*, that bugaboo of school days? Well, *Posture* has gone to war. If your job requires standing at a drill press or lathe for hours on end and you don't want to end up feeling as though you'd been through a wringer, you'll have to pay attention to the way you stand. *Keep your body lined up straight.* No head poking forward or sagging shoulders allowed—and pull that fanny in under where it belongs. When your stance is right, you can take it and like it.

The same rules apply to sitting. *Sit up straight.* It's really more restful than slumping. Place the hips well back in the chair and keep the back flat. Bend your head, if you need to get nearer your work, but don't collapse and curl up.

Another thing to watch out for and lick is tension. It's hard at first to concentrate on a small assembly job without holding your neck and shoulders in a rigid deathlike grip. Don't—it only wears you out and may even produce eye strain. Keep remembering to relax your head and shoulders. Say to yourself often, "Let go. Easy does it."

Easy does it indeed in handling a big machine, where you have to dive quickly for the controls at one end or the other. If you can manage a sort of flowing movement, you'll have that sort of job licked, too. Ever see a baby octopus or squid at the aquarium? When it moves through the water, there's a sort of central body that leads out, while the tentacles follow after. Think of your breastbone as that central body. Let every movement start there, while your arms, head, and legs follow after. With a little practice you can achieve a more fluid body movement.

It's sensible to take time out from a long shift at the factory for a bite to eat. Food is a great pep restorer. A body, like a car, goes better on a full tank.

A smart girl can do a lot to relieve the grind of fatigue in a ten-minute rest period. Stretching—as a child does when he gets up in the morning—is one of Nature's most effective

ways of renewing the body. You should take big stretches in different directions—arms overhead, to the side, and to the floor in front of you. To bend over and bounce up and down, arms and head dangling, is a good stunt, too.

You don't have to wait for time out to stretch. You can do it right on the job. Reach for the ceiling with the top of your head until you feel as though you'd opened a space between every cog in your backbone. Take a deep breath, swelling up like a balloon. Then relax—but keep that high, airy feeling. Every stretch or shift of weight will rest you and remove pressure on nerves and muscles.

As soon as you arrive at home after work, stretch out flat if you possibly can. Elevating the feet has a restful effect on innards. Fifteen minutes of complete repose is a big help. An hour's nap is a lifesaver.

THAT fatigue can be psychological as well as physical we all know. Many a girl who comes home dragging her feet has been galvanized into life by an invitation to go dancing with an attractive date. Will she be all done up the next day? Not a bit—unless she stays out too late. She'll feel tops and attack her job with zest *plus*. Music, gaiety, new sights and sounds, new experiences are always stimulating and refreshing.

You don't have to have a date every night, though, to be on your toes at the plant. You can do a little rug-cutting to the radio at home and kid those jaded nerves out of their doldrums. Or if that seems too vigorous, just lie on your back on the floor and listen to a good band. Bring your knees up to your chest and clasp your hands over them. This is the most restful position on earth.

There are hosts of pursuits that re-create—bowling, reading, gardening, collecting, visiting friends. Don't give in to boredom and weariness. Be on the lookout for interesting ideas, stimulating contacts that will keep your mind alive, your body resilient, your spirits high.

Sleep, of course, is the greatest restorative of all, so get your eight hours at least five nights a week, come hell or high water.

Just before turning in, shake yourself like a wet puppy. Fling imaginary drops of water off the tips of your fingers and toes, shake out your arms and legs. Dunk your head as in a pool. Don't forget your poor abused feet. Give them a break with a little air and exercise. Wiggle and stretch your toes. Try picking up a marble or other small object to condition the arches, or just grip hard with the toes a number of times, the way a chicken does when it walks. If you can summon the courage for a little leg-raising or toe-touching on the floor, you'll increase your reserves of energy.

Then take a not-too-warm bath and turn in. A hard bed is more restful than a soft one, once you're accustomed to it.

THE END



JUNGLE GOLD

A man's heart vs. women's guile . . . A thrilling novel!

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

READING TIME • 20 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

SUE ACKERSON, whose husband Hugo was manager of the Toledo Rubber Company's plantation on the Amazon River, was in love with John Bartell, Hugo's assistant, and determined that he should run away with her to the States. John, infatuated with Sue, found it hard to resist her, but his loyalty to Hugo and his feeling that his duty lay in finding and sending badly needed rubber to the States stiffened his will. When Vicky Latham, Sue's sister, came down to visit her, he had made up his mind to tell Sue their affair was finished, and he did.

But Sue, bent on having her own way, flirted with Alfredo Colon and ignored John until his love and jealousy broke down his resolve, and he promised to do as she wished as soon as he came back from a two months' trip into the jungle to hunt new rubber forests.

Vicky was shocked at discovering the love affair. To keep Hugo, of whom she was very fond, from being hurt, she decided to take John away from Sue, although she hated him.

When Sue told her of their plan to run away, Vicky said, "Sue, I'm not going to let you do it!"

"Aren't you? I don't see how you're going to stop it," Sue answered.

PART FIVE—INTO THE WILDERNESS

CANOPIED with ubussu leaves, the two dugouts started up the Amazon in the gray iridescent haze of early morning. John Bartell paddled the first boat with Miguel Azora; the twin brothers, Rafael and Desiderio, sat in the second.

When they left the *fazenda*, the *caboclos* were on the promontory with their women and children, shouting farewells. John grinned to them, but he kept glancing back to the dock.

Sue stood at its edge, tall and slender in a white dress, waving a straw

hat. He wanted to remember her like that—radiant, her yellow hair shining, her smile as warm as the sun itself, an exquisite statuette set against a background of tawny water and green jungle.

Vicky and Hugo, too, were on the float, of course. But Vicky scarcely waved at all. She seemed extraordinarily solemn this morning. Alfredo Colon leaned against the moored launch, smiling, and you could see the flash of his teeth from a startlingly long distance.

That was the last view John had of them before the dugouts went around the bend, passed the Cove of the Birds, and headed on into a vast stillness of river and jungle.

Under a floppy hat his eyes narrowed against the sun. He paddled with a rhythmic stroke that sent the boat ahead at steady speed. His shirt was already wet with sweat, pasted to his muscles, but he gave that no attention. From now on it would always be wet; day after day, through hundreds of miles of blazing, pitiless sun.

To save their breath John and Miguel did not talk much, and John had ample time to think of Sue. Now that he had settled his future with her, it gave him, strangely, a sense of nervous uncertainty, almost of insecurity. Yet he realized there could be no other way for them. He had seen that clearly in the Cove of the Birds. . . .

He knew that in a couple of days Hugo, too, would be leaving for Manaus. "As long as we can use the *batelões* for only six weeks," Hugo had told him the night before, "I'll load them immediately and start."

That meant that for a few weeks Alfredo Colon would be the only white man on the *fazenda* with Sue and Vicky—a thought that vaguely disturbed John.

Of course, a few days ago the visualization of Sue and Colon together might have tormented him. But not now. This morning he could still feel the fervor of Sue's kisses. He could still feel her body crushed against his. There was no longer any need to be concerned about Colon. And yet, despite all such self-assurance, he had never quite persuaded himself to like or even trust the Brazilian. . . .

A couple of snowy egrets darted out of palms. They flew directly over the dugout to disappear on an island. Miguel watched their flight with a grin.

"A lucky sign," he declared. "We start well, senhor."

From the other dugout scrawny little Rafael mocked, "You and your signs! You will be lucky to come back with your head, egrets or no egrets."

"Four times," Miguel retorted, "I have been up the Juruá, and never has my head come back without me!"

"Have you forgotten your grandfather?"

John wondered at their sudden silence. He asked, "What about your grandfather, Miguel?"

It was Desiderio who answered, for Miguel seemed disinclined to talk. Desiderio said, "Miguel's grandfather was a white man, senhor—a Portuguese sea captain, they say. It was many years ago, you understand. He brought his ship up the Amazon, and near Santarém it was burned. So the

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT FAWCETT



captain stayed there. They say he was a red-haired giant with a nose like a parrot's beak. He took an Indian woman as his wife—that was Miguel's grandmother. Then he went up the Juruá to seek wealth. He never came back. But many months later a raft came down the river. It carried a head the size of an orange. It was a very strange head, they say, because it had such long red hair and a nose like a parrot's beak. . . ."

Miguel snapped, "Such things happened many years ago, senhor. There is no need to worry now."

"Why not?" jeered Rafael. "Because we have started with a couple of egrets?"

"Because," Miguel retorted, "we have better rifles than my grandfather had! If God wills, we will be safe."

THAT night they had no need to camp or even to prepare their own food. They stopped at the home of a rubber gatherer who eagerly welcomed them, serving a good meal of

fried fish, avocados, pineapples, and a bottle of guarana. "You will need a light, senhores," their host said as they hung their hammocks in his hut. And he gave them a glass jar filled with hundreds of flashing fireflies. . . .

John knew many of the rubber gatherers along the shore. They brought rubber to the *fazenda*. Now Brazilian courtesy required him to accept their hospitality. Sometimes paddling had to stop at four in the afternoon so that an overnight visit might be made. He realized these halts were costing time; but it wasn't until the sixth day that he discovered with a shock just how many hours they had consumed.

That sixth morning they turned from the Amazon into the dark waters of the Juruá. Paddling deeper and deeper into wilderness, they passed no more *fazendas*. All day they traveled under a broiling sun. And when a flaming twilight began to daub the skies with streams of red and gold and violet, they spied a small pebbly clearance. It lay in a cove, and there

they beached the canoes for a camp.

Miguel, glancing about, said, "Many beasts come here to drink, senhor. We will need a fire all night to keep them away."

They made camp under skies still riotous with color. By the time the sudden darkness swept over them, John squatted beside a fire, heating dried beef. Mosquitoes were gathering for an orgy, and the dense foliage around the clearance sparkled with fireflies.

They hadn't yet begun to eat when Rafael abruptly straightened, like a hunting dog coming to point. He still held the mosquito netting he had been unrolling, but it hung forgotten from his fingers.

John, startled, looked up at him from the fire. "What's the matter, Rafael?"

"Paddles, senhor!" he said.

At that they all rose, instantly alert. The night was filled with the songs of cicadas and the croakings of frogs. Later there would be a sliver of sil-



The figure came up the beach into brighter firelight. John Bartell stood dumfounded. He

ver moon over the jungle, but now the river was black—as black as its far shore. They could see nothing out there.

After a time Desiderio mumbled, "You must have heard a fish."

"*Não*. Listen!"

John felt a strange nervousness creep into him. He could hear nothing out on the water—nothing, until he caught a dull thud, as of a paddle hitting a dugout's side.

"You hear?" Rafael whispered.

The *caboclo's* tension leaped into the others. Miguel said, "They see our fire. They will call."

"Not if they are Indians," said Rafael.

John waited for further sounds. When none came, he put his hands to his mouth and shouted a prolonged "*Ho-o-la-a!*"

After that they listened again. All they heard were the frogs and the cicadas. No answering call. . . .

"Indians!" Rafael insisted.

John turned, his face hard.

"You and I will prepare camp, Miguel," he said quietly. "Rafael, you and Desiderio take rifles and stand guard. One at each end of the clearance."

For an hour after that they heard nothing more. They came to sit around the fire, with rifles within reach. The mosquitoes were so voracious that they had to make tents of netting over themselves.

When the new sounds came, they were unmistakable.

Some one was approaching on foot along the shore—some one who wasn't making any attempt to be silent. Because the banks were thick with brush and trees, the steps splashed through the shallows.

The men around the fire exchanged quick glances. There was no need to speak. They threw off the nets, picked up their rifles. As they rose, John whispered, "Get out of the firelight."

They backed off into darkness, keeping the rifles ready. The steps were very close now, just beyond a few trees that dipped their branches low over the water.

Presently John saw a dim figure come around the cascade of foliage. It was knee-deep in the river. And it wasn't an Indian. It wore dark trousers and a dark shirt and a dilapidated hat; and on its back hung a lumpy bundle like a knapsack.

It came up the pebbly beach into brighter firelight, pausing to look around. It took another few tentative steps, close enough to the flames to be distinguished.

John Bartell stood dumfounded. He stared and tried to speak, but no words came.

For the firelight quivered on Vicky Latham.

HOW long John Bartell was held in that inarticulate spell, he didn't know. To find Vicky here, six full days from the *fazenda*, in the depths of the Juruá's wilderness, was an incredibility his senses refused to accept.

She was exhausted. She dropped the

pack, pulled off the shapeless hat, and her hair tumbled over her cheeks in tangled disarray. Her face was drawn with weariness, streaked by dirt. Moreover, it bore several splotches to show where mosquitoes had feasted. The brown trousers, soaked to the knees, dripped water about her feet.

When John at last tore himself out of the trance, he strode forward to seize her shoulders.

"Vicky!" he whispered. He shook her violently. "How in heaven's name—Vicky!"

"PLEASE, John." A bit ruefully she tried to smile but it wasn't a notable success. "I'll tell you everything. Right now I'm just about ready to fall apart." She lowered her gaze to the fire. "If you could boil up a little maté or coffee or something—I haven't had a thing since noon—"

John tossed a harsh word to Rafael. There was still maté left from supper, and the little man plunged to his knees to heat it. From the excited whisperings of the three *caboclos* it was evident that they regarded this materialization of Vicky as a sort of miracle.

She sank to the ground and sat limp, shoulders sagging. She turned her wet legs toward the fire. John picked up his mosquito net and draped it over her like a tent. Then he went to bring a pot of water from the river. And he was trembling.

"Here." He thrust it under the netting. "Wash your face. You'll feel better. I'll go get something for those bites."

Vicky gave him another feeble smile as she took the pot. There were no towels, and she asked for none. While her face dried, she did what she could with her hair. By that time Miguel passed her a tin plate of *carne seca* and a cup of maté. But she didn't start eating until John had got under the net with her. In the light of the fire

he daubed the welts on her face and arms with alcohol.

"All right," he said finally, sitting back. "Now get some food into you."

He hugged his knees, frowning while she ate and drank.

When at last she finished and straightened with a little sigh, he slid the plate and cup out of the netting.

"Now," he said, "let's have it."

She leaned back on her hands, her expression uncertain. "John, I hardly know where to begin."

"How on earth did you get here? And why?"

"A couple of rubber gatherers brought me."

"Where are they now?"

"Gone back, John."

"You mean to say they just dropped you out here?"

"Only a couple of hundred yards above your fire. I asked them to drift back with the current, so you wouldn't hear them paddling." She still smiled in a guilty childlike way which seemed to anticipate and to acknowledge the justice of punishment. "We heard you call, but I didn't want them to answer."

His voice dropped to a low note: "Vicky, will you please tell me what all this is about?"

"You're going to be angry—"

"I'm beginning to be furious!"

SHE looked at the fire. "Well, I suppose you're justified. The truth is, John, I want to take this trip with you. I knew there wasn't any use asking. You'd never have taken a girl along. . . ."

"Of course not! This is insane!"

For a moment she was silent. She couldn't say to him, "John, I came because I've got to take you away from Sue." No, she couldn't say that. Nor could she confess she hated him for his relations with her sister. She had to make him believe this situation



"Anybody want to lick a spoon?"

was an escapade, a reckless and impulsive adventure. . . .

"I know it may seem crazy," she murmured. "Still, this will probably be the greatest experience of my life. Traveling into the jungle by dugout—can't you see what such an adventure can mean to a girl? . . . And, John, you can put prudish considerations aside. I've thought of them all. You'll find I can bear up all right."

The sheer folly of arguing a thing of this sort exasperated him. "It's impossible!" he said. "I can't take you!"

"But don't you see you've got to take me? You can't leave me here. The gatherers who brought me are miles down the river by this time."

JOHN thrust his head forward to look deep and suspiciously into her eyes. She had tricked him into an untenable position, and he resented it with a fury he didn't dare express.

"Look here, Vicky." His voice was low. "I think this is a pretty rotten—"

"I know, John, I know. But if you realized how desperately eager I was to come—" She became grave. "I won't be any trouble. I promise."

"No. I've got to get you back. How the devil did you get those men to bring you up here? And so quickly?"

"Hugo left for Manaos two days after you started. That afternoon the gatherers brought rubber to the fazenda. I—I'd been hoping I'd find some way to get up here. They didn't want to do it—flatly refused, in fact—until I gave them a couple of American twenty-dollar bills. I guess they'd never seen that much money before."

Her facile explanations increased his anger. He had to force steadiness into his words as he demanded, "How'd you talk to them?"

"Well, there's old Simón at the fazenda. You know he understands a bit of English. He talked for me."

"Simón," he said passionately, "is going to be fired so fast—"

"Oh, no, John. Please don't. Simón thought he was doing something for—romance." She gave John an amused smile; too disingenuous perhaps. "You see, I had to tell him I was in love with you. The Portuguese blood in him responded."

John stared at her, speechless. After a moment he said, "I—I can't understand how Sue ever let you—I suppose you didn't tell her—"

"I didn't. I left at night. She found my note next morning, when I was miles away."

John exclaimed, "Do you realize what a risk you took with those rubber gatherers?"

"Well, yes and no. I took advantage of the fact that they were father and son. I felt each one would behave because of the other. And I was right."

John Bartell sat still. His lean face was tight, almost harsh. He considered paddling Vicky back to the fazenda and almost cursed on the realization that it would mean wasting twelve days. No, he couldn't do that. And he couldn't abandon her, either. The only alternative was to take her along. . . .

And he didn't want to take her along. When he visualized the complications a woman's presence could cause on an expedition of this kind, he sucked in a wrathful breath. There was in the situation something senseless and bizarre that could easily become demoralizing; something utterly unacceptable.

He said thickly, "We can take you back to the nearest gatherer's hut; leave you there to be paddled home."

At that Vicky put a quick importunate hand on his arm. "No, John. Please!"

Even as she spoke it occurred to him that he couldn't leave her at the nearest hut. That was the home of Tomás Fizula, two days away; and Tomás, who lived with a dog, a monkey, and two parrots, couldn't be trusted with a woman. You had only to hear him tell of his adventures to know that. The nearest fazenda at which another woman could be found meant wasting a full week for the round trip.

And John couldn't throw away a week now. Weeks were too drastically important when you were trying to find rubber for a nation at war. He felt trapped.

"Pardon, senhor." Miguel touched his shoulder. "What is all this? Why is the senhorita here?"

John got out from under the netting and rose, a Gulliver among three Lilliputians. Fireflies speckled the darkness about him as he explained, in Portuguese, the predicament in which Vicky had placed them. To his relief, the men looked startled and a trifle worried, but there was no sign of the indignation, perhaps the rebellion, he had feared.

He finished, "I don't know what we can do now, except take her along. We'll have to manage it some way. It will be hard—we'll have to live differently—but I certainly don't want to take the time to paddle her back."

Frowning into the fire, the men said nothing. The frogs and the cicadas sang. Finally Miguel Azora, setting an example for his companions, shrugged and met fate with resignation. "There is nothing to be done," he said. "When a thing happens, it happens. After all, other women have been up the Juruá. . . ."

THOSE first few weeks with Vicky wouldn't have been bad if it weren't for the rankling resentment John felt. She usually sat facing him in the center of the dugout he paddled with Miguel; to make room for her they had been compelled to transfer some of the equipment to the other boat.

Hour after hour, day after day, he found himself looking straight into her face. He came to know every line in it, every lift of muscle when she smiled or frowned or looked in surprise at something on the shore. He grew to anticipate and to watch for the sparkle in her eyes that always signaled a cheerful comment. The flow of her hair, the slope of her shoulders, the curve of her chin—he could see them clearly even with his eyes closed.



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They passed two of the Juruá's tributaries and turned into the third—a narrow stream, its width seldom exceeding sixty yards. "Somewhere up here," John muttered, "an explorer saw great rubber forests, the *caã-apoam* he called 'the fields of plenty.' It wasn't on the stream itself. Up one of a thousand narrow waterways. From now on we've got to hunt and pray. . . ."

Once Vicky chided, "John, I've been staring straight at you for more than two weeks. Do you *always* have to frown? . . . It's not the sun, is it?"

"No, it's not the sun."

"Then you're still angry."

"Vicky, I don't like to be tricked."

"But be fair. Have I been any trouble at all to you so far?"

HE had to concede that she hadn't. In fact, she had been of considerable help, for she did a good deal of the cooking and, under John's tutelage, had learned to chart the daily course on the maps he carried. At night, in the shroud of mosquito netting she had brought in her own pack, she slept a few feet away from the men. Wherever possible they slung a hammock for her between trees. And when the hour came to bathe, she walked a little distance from camp, vanished behind trees, and returned later looking fresh and ready for another struggle with the intense, vaporous Juruá heat. John made her take frequent doses of quinine, as they all did. This was a miasmatic country full of inundated jungle and vast swamps. But so far she seemed to be suffering no bad effects.

It occurred to John, as he wielded

his paddle and looked at her, that she never mentioned Sue. That was odd. Yet he was grateful. It would have been difficult to talk of Sue with Vicky. It was difficult sometimes even to think of Sue while Vicky sat smiling at him. With Vicky before him, there was something akin to treachery in visualizing himself and Sue on a de luxe liner, bound down the Amazon for Belém and the States. . . .

Only once did Vicky complain of anything. That was when they sat at breakfast and she said, "I'm getting used to the bugs and mosquitoes. But to wake up with hundreds of ants crawling over you—" She shuddered.

John gave her a hard glance. "You wanted it, Vicky."

Her chin rose at once. For an instant her eyes flashed. Then her face softened in a wan smile.

"All right," she said. "I'll never complain again."

They no longer paddled straight up the Juruá's narrow tributary. On either side of it there were numerous small streams the boats could penetrate. These, leading into the somber shadows of the jungle, had to be searched. You followed them for miles, seldom seeing the sky; always in shadows under a green ceiling. You paddled slowly, using a machete to hack your way through vines and to scar the boles of trees. In that way you blazed a trail to follow back.

Often, when there were several streams to explore, they divided forces. In the afternoons they met again at their camp site. And on these excursions Vicky accompanied John.

She was with him on the day Miguel went with Rafael and Desiderio. She

and John paddled up a narrow rivulet, through a tunnel of tangled greenery. John blazed the trail carefully, hacking at a tree trunk every few yards.

A mile from the river they found themselves on the edge of a vast slime-covered swamp. Trees grew out of it, and stumps; and a great jabiru stork rose at their approach to wing away in the fetid heat.

John stopped paddling to look around uncertainly. He had seen a great many scattered rubber trees along the Juruá, but so far there had been no indication of tremendous rubber forests.

"Do we cross the swamp?" Vicky spoke hushedly; in this cosmic stillness you dared not raise your voice.

"We'll try it for a couple of miles."

Two miles of sliding across the morass brought them to a rise of solid ground. Behind them every stump and tree held the scar of John's machete. Ahead of them they saw a low bluff of red clay. Its rim was an escarpment of rocks—rarities in this country. A number of boulders lay scattered in the swamp, too, together with the dead trunks of fallen trees.

"MUST have been quite a few little *terras-cahidas*," John observed. "Landslides." He squinted at the tall trees beyond the bluffs. Though he could see only their leafy tops, he recognized rubber up there. "I'm going to have a look," he decided sharply. As he beached the dugout at the foot of the little cliff, he added, "Better wait here."

"Not in a million years!" Vicky retorted. "You're not going to leave me behind in a swamp."

"All right." He stepped out of the dugout and gave her his hand. "Come on." He carried only his rifle.

The clay over which they climbed was slippery under their feet. It gave way, and they slithered down every few steps. When they reached the top they were breathless. They leaned back against a rock and looked into the dark forest. A few rubber trees, yes; but no bonanza.

And then they felt something yielding behind them. . . .

Vicky gasped, and John leaped forward, pulling her with him. Under their feet the clay gave way. John looked back as they stumbled. He saw the great rock teeter slowly over the edge, then go down with a kind of elephantine deliberation. He heard the swish of sliding clay, the roll of the stone—and a grinding crash.

His face went gray at the sound. Even before he looked he knew what had happened. He sent a stunned glance at Vicky, then stepped to the new edge of the bluff.

Fifteen feet below, half buried in mud, the dugout lay smashed under the rock. . . .

Are John and Vicky trapped? Will they be able to get back to the other boat? What dangers await them in the jungle? There's drama and excitement in the coming chapter. Don't miss it!



"Hop out and play a while—I want to air out your room!"



TO THE LADIES

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA
KROPOTKIN

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

NOLA LUXFORD, here from her native New Zealand as a magazine correspondent and radio commentator, invites New Zealand service men to make short phonograph records of personal greetings while they are in this country. Then at her own expense she sends the records back across the world to the men's families. I heard a record made by Ensign Nelson Bateup, of Mount Eden, Auckland, New Zealand. "Hello, mother," he began. "I'm all right. I have everything I want. It was cold in Canada, but New York is nice and hot." There were tears in my eyes as I thought of the thrill Mrs. Bateup would get when she played that record. . . . One merchant marine engineer officer from New Zealand bought a stylish American handbag for his wife. Two ships have since been sunk under him, but each time he has saved the handbag. On his phonograph record he told his wife, "I'll bring that handbag home to you or die in the attempt!" . . . The New Zealanders are enthusiastic singers. A favorite song of theirs is called Maori Battalion. One of their own song writers, "Bluey" Williams, composed their stirring Onward to Victory. Another song of theirs includes a mysterious verse that none of them could explain to me. It goes: "Little Miss Mucket Mucket sat on a tucket tucket" . . . what the heck does *that* mean?

HERE'S a new word for your war vocabulary. I'm going to spell it *keora*, the way it's pronounced, though the native spelling, I'm told, is *kia ora*. It is a Maori word used by all the New Zealand boys when they talk to their home folks. *Keora* means "good luck," "cheerio," "until we meet again."

"BECAUSE I put on a mind-reading act," says magician Sam Grossman, "audiences somehow get the idea I can tell fortunes. I can't, but the questions I'm asked give me a keyhole peek at human nature. . . . Girls with a serious boy friend in the army or navy want to know if he will feel the same about them after he comes home. Married women inquire most often whether papa is going to keep his job, and does he cheat on mama. Women with guilty consciences give themselves away by their questions. When *men* have thoughts to hide, they walk out and quit my performance cold if they believe I can read their minds."

NOT all the tricks in the hamburger bag belong to America. This *Glasgow Meat Pie* is as Scottish as kilts: . . . Cook 4 tablespoons minced onion in hot butter till soft. Remove onion from pan and put aside. In same pan slightly brown 1½ lbs. coarsely ground beef. Now mix onions and meat together with 1 can mock-turtle soup and 1 chopped hard-boiled egg. Season with salt and pepper, and place in pie dish lined with rich pastry.

Cover with pastry crust. Cut slits in crust to let steam escape. Brush with melted butter and bake 40 minutes in moderate oven.

NECKLACES, bracelets, brooches, pendants, clips, and earrings made out of old tin cans are surprisingly handsome products of the *conservation jewelry* art taught by Louis J. Haas, occupational therapist. All you need is a cutter, a couple of pairs of pliers, a file, soldering iron, a knife or two, plenty of tin cans (the kind with protective linings), and a fair sense of design. Louis Haas supplies patterns, shows how to do.

I'LL bet most of the married couples who read this page have imagined what fun it would be to write a mystery book together, if they had time. Walter Teague is a busy industrial designer for Eastman Kodak, National Cash Register, Ford Motors, etc., yet he and his wife, Ruth Teague, *did* find time over week-ends to collaborate on the writing of a creepy whodunit entitled, *You Can't Ignore Murder*. It's a good one, too. (Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

BRADFORD COLLEGE, in England, paid us a distinguished compliment this summer by shelving its annual reading of old Greek classics in favor of our Declaration of Independence and Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. Instead of ancient literature, *our* two great classics were recited at Bradford along with selections from other American authors whose work reflects our national spirit. Eugene O'Neill and Stephen Vincent Benét were the two living writers chosen.

CINDERELLA GIRL



THIS is the story of Elaine Bacon, of Texas, who appeared on Liberty's August 29 cover. It is a success story that had its beginning last February, when Elaine went to a broadcast of that popular quiz program, Truth or Consequences. She had been in New York City a month, and of the \$170 she had when she arrived only twenty-five dollars remained. Fortune hadn't yet cast a smile on her—but that evening Fortune beamed.

When the show's conductor called for volunteer feminine contestants who wore a size twelve dress, Elaine stepped up. Failing to answer correctly the question asked her, she was told what the "dire consequences" would be:

She was to go to a studio dressing room, have her hair done by a famous hairdresser, be made up by an equally famous cosmetician, put on lingerie, stockings, sandals, evening gown and wrap supplied by ultra-swank shops, and then—escorted by two officers of New York's celebrated Seventh Regiment—attend the regiment's annual ball to reign as Cinderella.

All this, which sounds like a girl's daydream, actually happened. And there was more. Harry Conover, agent for models, put her under contract, and Columbia Pictures signed her for its movie, Cover Girl.

For all that who *wouldn't* take the consequences!



1 Ralph Edwards, of the Truth or Consequences radio quiz program, called for volunteers. Elaine answered—and her career began.



2 Before the microphone, dressed in a tweed coat, wool dress, and with a kerchief on her head, she failed to answer the question.



3 In twenty minutes, in a makeshift dressing room, the make-up expert and the hairdresser transformed a pretty girl into a glamorous one.



4 With a smart upswept hair-do and a gown that rivaled a movie star's, Elaine returned to the microphone. The audience cheered.



5 She got a big thrill when her escorts took her to the Stork Club for a bite before the ball. It was the first time she had ever been there.



6 Later guarded by the lieutenant and the captain, Elaine started for the Armory to attend the ball—wearing \$500 worth of clothes!

(Continued on page 52)



7 After Harry Conover, models' agent, signed her, she posed for advertisements like this.



8 Elaine is a blonde; her eyes are green. She weighs 113 and is five and a half feet tall.



9 She is a bride as well as a career girl. She recently married Lieutenant Raymond C. Schindler, who is with the Fighter Command, stationed at Mitchel Field, Long Island.



10 Chosen by Liberty as its cover girl, she takes the pose for the color photograph.



11 Here she is as you saw her on the cover. Watch for her in Columbia's picture.

CHILDREN CAN TAKE IT!

BY KATHARINE ROBERTS



**Revealing, heartening news from overseas,
of war . . . and a generation without fear**

READING TIME • 13 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

Miss Roberts is the author of the book, *Center of the Web*—recently authenticated by the Belgian government—which originally appeared as a *Liberty* serial, *The House on Harmony Street*. What follows is a factual account from the records of the British Ministry of Information and from personal correspondence.

PHYLLIDA was five years old and lived in a small town in the English countryside which didn't suffer from the early blitz. But one night the Nazis finally got around to it. The air-raid warning sounded about two o'clock, and Phyllida's mother got her out of bed and took her to the shelter, where they met neighbors and friends.

"It was our first raid and we were all a bit on edge but determined to be casual about it," said her mother later. "Consequently the conversation was almost too cheerful and bright. We served tea, tried not to show how nervous we were, and hoped the children wouldn't suffer any ill effects."

Phyllida was put back to bed about 4 A. M. Later in the morning her mother went into her room to see how

she'd taken it. As she entered, she found Phyllida snuggled among the blankets, murmuring happily over and over again, "Lucky Phyllida—to go to such a nice party!"

Air raids didn't bother Phyllida after that. She's typical of the majority of small children in Britain whose parents haven't subjected them to the contagion of their grown-up fears. To American parents wondering how their children will take whatever comes to this country, the attitudes and activities of little Britons are enlightening.

In the face of all the harrowing episodes of vicious bombing and terrifying tragedies, there is no doubt that the children of England and Scotland have given encouraging proof that, spared adult hysteria—and there has been little of it over there—the average child comes through with a natural poise and resilience coupled with a strong desire to take part in the general job of doing things.

The age of gallantry starts at the moment when they can drag their toy wagons around, pick up some tin pots and pans, and deliver them to a sal-

Children go calmly to bed on a platform in London's subway during a night raid.

vage station. Children are born collectors.* Some of the youngsters in London's East End objected both vocally and in writing when they were prevented from getting into a newly bombed building. "Anybody knows," they stated, "that you can get more good scrap in such a place than anywhere else."

This spirit goes right on through the toy-wagon period into the bicycle teens, when both boys and girls have proved that they can give dependable and efficient aid in a surprisingly vigorous and well planned scheme of service. More than a million children are aiding in the organized war effort in England and the result is as fine a tale of helpfulness and heroism as you'll encounter. Instances range from the amusing to the thrilling.

In one village the adult Home Guard detachment, which consisted of some ex-army officers of the last war and other able-bodied citizens too old for this one, decided they'd better brush up on the science of tracking and stalking, just in case Nazi parachutists landed and had to be tracked through woods. Accordingly they ap-

* School children in the U. S. A. are being mobilized now for a nation-wide scrap-gathering campaign during the two school weeks of October 5 to 17.



This underground shelter has bunks in tiers.

plied to military authorities for an instructor in these branches of woodcraft. The instructor arrived. He was a Boy Scout, aged fifteen. The men thought they'd been the objects of a practical joke, and they listened a bit superciliously as he told them how to read signs, how to move noiselessly, and how to become "invisible."

Then courteously but firmly he ordered them to put what they'd learned to a real test. "You are to give me a couple of minutes' start and then you will try to find me," he said, and off he went.

The Home Guards set out to find the boy. After they'd searched vainly for some time, they began to get annoyed. "This joke's gone far enough," exploded a puffing ex-colonel angrily. "The blankety-blank youngster has run off home!"

"Oh, no, I haven't," came the cracked voice of adolescence from above their heads. "I'm in this tree. I told you in my lesson that you must always look up as well as down."

From then on they listened to their "instructor" with due respect. The Boy Scouts are doing very well indeed. They have found 165 definite ways of aiding in the war effort.

Because of the boys' insistence and because of their many exhibitions of coolheadedness, the age of official fire watchers was finally lowered to sixteen, but even younger boys have gained the right to volunteer as aides to adult watchers as well as to do bicycle messenger service during raids and at other times. Also, the work of small youths who can wriggle through into places the larger men can't enter is extraordinary. Official records are full of their performances.

During a severe raid on Southampton, the night's work of eleven-year-old Melville Searle as a fire picket assisting the older fire fighters sounds like a Horatio Alger story. He helped fight the blaze for hours. When a valuable plant was in danger and two men were unable to get into the building, young Melville volunteered, crawled through with a hose, and put out the fire. A little later he climbed to the third story of another building into spots that would not sustain the weight of a man, and the information he brought down enabled the men below to work more effectively. They suggested he'd done enough for one night. But in his own opinion he'd just begun to get going. However, he agreed to "rest" if he could sit on the ground and play a hose on another blaze. While he was doing this, a high-explosive bomb fell near him but did not go off. He calmly rolled over to avoid it, then rolled back and went on hosing.

NOT content with these efforts, he once more went into action on his feet and helped save a shelterful of people who had been caught when a bomb blocked their shelter exit. The night being well over by this time, he was finally persuaded to go home. Later, he seemed somewhat puzzled upon being awarded the George Cross for services rendered. Eleven-year-old courage doesn't know it is brave.

In many instances the chance to give service such as Melville's has proved to be a beneficial dose of psychiatry. A little fellow named Stanley Pipe, who lives in London, had always been unhappy because he was so small he couldn't keep up in sports and school games with other boys his own age. With the war on, he was miserable because he felt he couldn't be of active use except for minor things that even girls could do.

Then, early one morning after a bad night's bombing, he was wistfully watching men clear a small hole into a wrecked building when they stopped, defeated, because they couldn't make the hole bigger without danger of the whole thing falling in. Little Pipe saw his chance. He volunteered and, with a rope tied about his shoulders, was lowered through the aperture into the depths below while the men shone a torch into it so that he could see.

A woman was struggling feebly at the bottom. With the agility of a squirrel, Pipe climbed around and pushed and pulled the woman into a position from which she could be raised to the surface by his rope. Then he crawled through the straddled timbers and broken brickwork and found two more women pinned beneath long wooden beams. For three hours young Pipe took care of the women and worked like a small determined elf to make a way for them out of that living tomb. And he brought them out alive.

He also came out with his inferiority complex cured. He'd done something that only a little squirt could have managed. It will probably make a difference in his attitude toward doing

things all the rest of his life. Young Pipe got the Scout Gilt Cross.

More than 60,000 Scouts in Britain have been awarded the National Service Badge for sustained work as A. R. P. messengers, first-aid orderlies, telephonists, signalers, stretcher bearers, instructors in the Home Guard, and assistants in rest centers.

Amazing feats of cycling in the blackout are the rule rather than the exception. Equally amazing is the high percentage of these messengers who ride through the blitz and out of it in safety. They have cycled thousands of miles and saved thousands of lives.

True, there are those who do not come through it. Derrick Belfall was one of these, but if ever a spirit went cycling on, Derrick's does with every turn of his fellow messengers' wheels.

Derrick was fourteen. One night, during a Nazi attack, he was chosen to deliver an important message. It was a bad blitz, but he got to his destination and the message, reaching its goal, meant a good deal for many others. On the way back he saw a chance to do more. Working single-handed with a stirrup pump, he fought and extinguished a growing blaze. Then, from another flaming house, he rescued a baby. He started back to his post again, but paused for two more similar services. He never returned. He was found later mortally wounded. His only and last remark ranks with those of older, more famous heroes. It was simply: "Messenger Belfall reporting. I have delivered my message."

The girls do their job too. In the cities, they turned their clubrooms into shelters when the attack first came, and they gave first aid and served tea to people suffering from shock. What's more, they have, in many instances, gone out themselves and brought bomb victims to shelter.

DURING one raid a local group of Girl Guides cooked meals for 100 people on three primus stoves—no small feat. They had arrived at their neighborhood rest center to give what help they could and found that the mobile canteens had been unable to get through. All of them were what we usually think of as little girls, except their leader, who had attained the advanced age of sixteen. She marshaled the small fry into action, which included raiding their parents' kitchens for food as well as setting up their equipment. They fed the homeless of their district until a mobile kitchen manned by older women got there.

For the most part, the girls take on less exciting jobs than the boys. But they know they are just as necessary and they work with a will. They give their services to hospitals, as well as rest centers, for washing up, sweeping, cooking, rolling bandages. They take care of smaller children for women who are in war work and, when a village has had a particularly heavy blitz, they have learned to take the places of older staff members in stores who may be needed for heavier duties or who need a bit of sleep after an all-night service of bomb-dousing.

Many girls from the age of fourteen up are going into nursing training and into training in the Cadet Corps. The latter is to train personnel for work in the women's services, and the more familiar WRENS and WAAFS are taking a sisterly interest in junior ambitions. The Women's Junior Air Corps is a counterpart of the Boys' Air Training Corps, which is giving preliminary training for the R. A. F. to approximately 200,000 boys; but the girls' group is unlike the boys' in that it is not an official body. It is getting there just the same.

Less spectacular but equally important to the larger outcome are the boys and girls who have joined the Army of the Earth. Last spring more than 800,000 school boys and girls enlisted in that army. With 4,000,000 more acres in cultivation than the year before and fewer laborers to tend them, the boys and girls were largely responsible for bringing in the harvest of the century. They are at it again this year. Many of the children have also cultivated co-operative vegetable gardens of their own.

The way these adolescents and their smaller brothers and sisters are harnessing their own youth movement to the national war effort is very different from the German method. In England, the boys and girls are doing it themselves and in their own democratic way. To be sure, their elders are co-operating with them and giving direct aid and advice when asked. But the young ones run their own affairs pretty much on their own. Youthful refugees from many of the dominated countries of the Continent have joined the British children and have been welcomed by them enthusiastically.

LAST autumn these young ones, mostly from ten to fifteen years old, held an International Youth Rally in Albert Hall, and they made a statement of purpose. Here is their pledge:

We will never rest until the world has been freed from the plague of Nazism and Fascism. We meet in the fortress of western Europe which stands indomitable against Hitlerite Germany. We come from all corners of the British Isles, from the great dominions and from peoples of India, from fighters of the Soviet Union and from countries oppressed but yet struggling against Hitler and Quisling rulers. In our ranks are the brave youth of China who for years have striven against Japanese invaders. Beside us stand the youth of the American continents. We will be the spearhead of the fight for freedom. The march of present-day Germany, bringing destruction, cruelty, and hatred in its wake, has thrown down a challenge to every decent human impulse and to every spiritual value. We take up this challenge. We are young life with its aspirations of justice, freedom, and security for all, where man is equal to man irrespective of color, race, or creed. We will create a world for all and where no man lives in fear. We build up today a brotherhood of youth which will overcome all barriers. United we will work, pray, and fight for victory. We

pledge ourselves to fight on together until victory is won.

In case you think these children are hiding their real feelings of fear behind a traditional British stiff upper lip, here is what qualified psychiatrists have discovered.

There is a consensus of opinion that children show great adaptability and recover quickly from air-raid effects if simple sensible measures are taken. Sometimes, among children evacuated from a heavily bombed area,

GROWN-UPS TAKE NOTE!

Taking England as a definitive instance, one thing is clear, and that is that children come into the world unafraid and are taught fear by their elders, and that when they are not dominated by adult fear they come through amazingly well. They not only come through but they help others to do it.

acute symptoms of nervousness are evident for a few days, a small number of them for a longer time, but under right treatment they recover amazingly fast. The effect of air raids is transitory in most cases, except when the parents' nerves give way.

Of 8,000 Bristol school children studied after severe raids, only about 4 per cent showed signs of nervousness. Of 15,000 in London, the percentage of breakdown was 2.8. General indications are that children are far more adaptable than their elders.

A typical example is shown in the study of children's wartime dreams made by the headmaster in a Paddington school of 250 boys and girls. Only nine boys and twenty girls had dreams involving fear of any sort, and only 10 per cent of these dreamed of air raids. The boys reported dreaming mostly of thrilling war deeds—all R. A. F., never army. Most of the girls' dreams were of being in distant fabulous countries or of being evacuated to "romantic" homes—preferably those of film stars.

Altogether, the young ones of school age who are blessed with sane parents or teachers regard the situation objectively and ask only to be allowed to get into action in one or more of the Boy Scout, Girl Guide, or other services. The one thing that keeps the average child jittery is to be prevented from taking an active part.

The spirit on the nursery front shows clearly the same indications. Five-year-olds who have experienced a blitz are not inclined to go into a dither when they hear another one. The average small child sleeps through an all-night bombardment unless an explosion comes particularly close. Awake, he is not easily frightened.

Clinics to overcome air-raid strain for kindergarteners and the smaller babies have been established in London and other cities which have got, and may still get, the brunt of Hitler's "influence for peace." Some of the best of them are under the personal direction of Mrs. Eric Dane, a Danish woman specializing in child psychology and care. She expresses a healthy respect for the courage, resilience, and natural sense of small humans.

Taking England as a definitive instance, one thing is clear, and that is that children come into the world unafraid and are taught fear by their elders, and that when they are not dominated by adult fear they come through amazingly well. They not only come through but they help others to do it. One little fellow teaches another to meet the blitz philosophically, an undersized Stanley Pipe saves three grown women, a Boy Scout teaches men to track the enemy. Led by young Britons, a congress of youth declares itself for a brotherhood of nations even before the United Nations declare themselves.

With young ones like these on the job, the British lion can be proud of its cubs. If we adults in America have the courage to live up to our own eaglets, we'll be proud of them too.

THE END



Homeless through air raids, London children receive care at a shelter at Windsor.

Help Kidneys If Back Aches

Do you feel older than you are or suffer from Getting Up Nights, Backache, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatic Pains, Burning, scanty or frequent passages? If so, remember that your Kidneys are vital to your health and that these symptoms may be due to non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles—in such cases Cystex (a physician's prescription) usually gives prompt and joyous relief by helping the Kidneys flush out poisonous excess acids and wastes. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose in trying Cystex. An iron-clad guarantee assures a refund of your money on return of empty package unless fully satisfied. Don't delay. Get Cystex. (Siss-tex) from your druggist today

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The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

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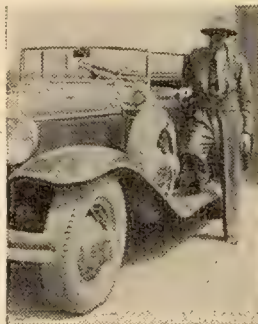
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CECIL'S BACK AGAIN

NEEDLES, CALIF.—Edith Rowland (August 22 Vox Pop) is shore right; I never heard tell of no "over-drive" gadgets on no automobiles. Now with my Brush I just cranks her on the side, climbs in, lets in the friction clutch, and pretty soon away I go, just as perty as yuh please.

The President's request to "keep it under forty" was primarily to save tires—a shortage of rubber, Edith, or hadn't you heard back there in Jackson Heights? Or does the over-drive on yer Modern Maxwell take care of that too? Land sakes, what'll they be a-thinkin' of next!—Cecil One-Cylinder-Brush Brown.

P.S. Just fer fun, take a quick gander at the enclosed picture of m' "Brush" automobile—and me. If Vox Popper Edith Rowland were to "pass my ancient jalopy" she'd need a coupla over-drives, because said "jalopy" has a hopped-up straight-8 Lycoming motor under the hood which, by actual tests, gets the old front drive over the terrain at 116 m. p. h.



WE NEED IDEAS LIKE THIS

BREMEN, IND.—Why don't all the major networks further the "America's Prayer Minute" movement, sponsored by the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, which advocates a one-minute prayer beginning at 6 P. M. each day?

It would impress so many with the solemnity of this war and comfort those who have lost and will lose beloved relations.—R. W. Clindaniel.

THE POETS' CORNER

FLORAL PARK, N. Y.—I Told You So! (August 29 Liberty).

Beware ere you argue with Ickes!—A sharpshooter he, sir, and slick is.

The broadsides of Harold
Are all double-barreled—

And he on the trigger quite quick is!

—Frank Lynn.



MORE ON NAMING THE WAR

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Why bother trying to name this war? Why not just call it This War? That is what it is, and after it is over it will probably be known as "Hitler's Folly."—Mrs. Belle Clements.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—Let's make it the War to End Wars to End War.—John B. Lippitt.

THANK YOU, SIR— THAT WAS OUR AIM

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Permit me to express my appreciation of your series entitled Americans We Can Do Without. It seems to me that Mr. Winchell's fearless exposé of certain subversive influences is a noteworthy and significant contribution toward that internal housecleaning which every nation must undergo in order to achieve the maximum of national unity.—Denis P. S. Conan Doyle.

GUESS WE'D BETTER MOVE OUT OF OUR GLASS HOUSE

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—In Liberty of August 29, page 58, you comment on the poetry of Della T. Lutes, saying, "Not very good poetry, with its split infinitive and all."

However, on the same page, under the heading Teletype Tips, paragraph 2, you use two split infinitives—namely, "to sharply revise" and "to almost double."—Carleton B. McCulloch.

UNION CITY, N. J.—Hello, wise guys. Seems as though you Fascists at Liberty want to split infinitives at will while telling other people not to do it.—Purist.

BELMONT, MASS.—Oh, my dear editor!—Mrs. C. H. Sanborn.

NOBODY'S ARGUING WITH YOU, GLADYS

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—God makes the bumblebees.—Gladys Tedrick.





THEM'S FIGHTIN' WORDS, STRANGER

NEW YORK, N. Y.—What's the big idea cheating us with the 14th trump?—*Chester Lowry.*

SOUNDS LIKE A CASE FOR JUNIOR G-MEN

BEAVER FALLS, PA.—I am a truck driver. My route covers the most part of the western part of Pennsylvania, and I have seen many cars pull over to the curb because the driver heard what he thought was a traffic cop whistle, and discovered it was only a kid.

When you're driving along carefully and within the state laws, and then have the above happen to you, the first thought that comes in your mind is, *What on earth have I done now?*

Why isn't something done about this? It isn't by any means funny!—*P. F. Montgomery.*

CHALK UP ANOTHER VOTE FOR LOTTERIES

SONORA, CALIF.—Regarding a lottery sponsored by Uncle Sam, urged by A Weekly Reader of Liberty, I think he's got something worth while.

Wasn't our first government-owned House of Congress built from funds of a government lottery? So I have read.

Americans are the greatest people in the world to take a chance on anything of a gambling nature. Why not give our Treasury a big boost and have some fun? It might take the government out of the red.—*Another Weekly Reader of Liberty, Mrs. G. Harrington.*

—AND ONE FOR SLOT MACHINES

SHERIDAN, WYO.—Ask Mr. O. B. Beck (August 15 Vox Pop), doesn't he know that Uncle Sam has already put a tax on slot machines and not doing badly?

I don't play them, but let the other guy spend his money the way he enjoys.—*A Western Dude.*

HORRIBLE THOUGHT, ISN'T IT?

ALLENTOWN, PA.—P. L. D. of Altoona, Pennsylvania (September 5 Vox Pop), who believes that "any man who condemns a movie after seeing only fifteen minutes of it is either a fool or a crank—or both," probably also believes in eating all of a rotten egg before deciding whether or not it is bad.—*J. B. M.*

WE'LL STAY IN THERE PUNCHING

HOUSTON, TEX.—There are a great many people who aren't giving this war too much serious thought. We *must* wake these people up to have a united, hard-fighting nation.

I'm sure your magazine can help do the job.—*Jeanne Stubblefield.*

POSITIVELY THE LAST LETTER ABOUT HARRY

BUTTE, MONT.—Private Harry Norton, Eglin Field, Florida, would like to build a concentration camp for all the gals who refuse to dance with him (July 25 Vox Pop).

Whassa matter, Harry? Did you step on their toes? Squeeze 'em too tight? Halitosis, or anything like that? I am an old guy of fifty-one years, but I have noticed that our gals like the boys in uniforms.

Sure, it's an honor for any girl to dance with a khaki uniform and most right-minded girls realize it, but, believe me, keed, they will not dig *you* out of a corner to dance with you.

Next time you are at a dance, dive in, let your hair down, have a good time.—*M. F. Haley.*

CLAPS FOR CLAPPER

WINNIPEG, MAN.—Three cheers to you, Liberty, for printing Where Democracy Has Failed, by Raymond Clapper (August 29 issue).

We do not progress in glorifying ourselves but in finding defects.

When we do not progress we usually go backward because we forget what we have learned.

The best soil, if not cultivated, grows weeds.—*A. M. Mikolas.*



BUT... a great many

men get soaked when they buy razor blades! Why pay more... when 25¢ now buys 18 of the keenest razor blades you ever used... Berkeley Blades! Switch to Berkeley today. Made of fine watch-spring steel; precision honed. Money-back guarantee!

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TELETYPE TIPS

**Advice from inside Washington on trends
that will affect our daily lives**

DO YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING AS EARLY AS YOU CAN THIS YEAR. SHORTAGES OF RAW MATERIALS WILL CUT GIFT SUPPLIES FROM SHELVES SWIFTLY. INCREASED AMOUNT OF MONEY CIRCULATING MEANS MORE COMPETITION FOR YOU AT RETAILERS' COUNTERS.

JUICY BEEFSTEAKS ARE GROWING SCARCE. THE QUALITY OF MEAT AVAILABLE ON THE HOME FRONT CAN BE EXPECTED TO DROP CONSISTENTLY BECAUSE OF MILITARY NEEDS. DAIRY FOODS, FOWL, FISH, AND BEANS WILL BE ON YOUR TABLE IN GREATER QUANTITIES FOR THE DURATION. LOSS OF UKRAINE MEANS VASTLY INCREASED SHIPMENTS OF FOOD WILL HAVE TO GO TO OUR RUSSIAN ALLY IN THE NEAR FUTURE.

GOVERNMENT PROMISES ADEQUATE SUPPLY OF TURKEY THIS YEAR TO GRACE YOUR THANKSGIVING TABLE.

FISH PROBLEM PROMISES TO GROW ACUTE IN MANY AREAS BECAUSE OF BAN ON OFFSHORE FISHING.

WATCH FOR BIG COMEBACK BY JESSE JONES ON THE HOME FRONT. GOVERNMENT'S "BIGGEST SPENDER" PLANS TO GET IN ON CIVILIAN ECONOMY PROBLEMS AFFECTING YOU. JONES WILL SUBSIDIZE RESEARCH ON NEW PRODUCTS MADE OF NONESSENTIAL MATERIALS TO REPLACE THINGS YOU FORMERLY WERE ABLE TO BUY IN PEACETIME.

RED CROSS PLANS TO ASK YOU TO STEP UP BLOOD-BANK CONTRIBUTIONS SHORTLY. GOVERNMENT RESEARCH LABORATORIES ARE EXPERIMENTING WITH THE POSSIBILITY OF GETTING SUBSTITUTES FOR BLOOD PLASMA FROM ORANGES.

DON'T TRY TO HOARD COFFEE. IT GETS STALE.

IN ADDITION TO FUEL RATIONING, THE GOVERNMENT WANTS YOU TO CAREFULLY PLAN MOST ECONOMICAL HEATING OF YOUR HOUSE REGARDLESS TYPE FUEL USED. THIS GOES FOR COAL, OIL, KEROSENE, SAWDUST, OR ANY OTHER KIND OF HEATING.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

"YOU CAN'T," SAID THE FICTION EDITOR, "find a story that doesn't have war in it." This is almost—not quite—literally true: more nearly so perhaps than ever before since men and women began the telling of tales. War has covered the earth. For a time, war must be the thing that is most in our minds. Why not, then, war in our fiction? Only escape into the past is escape from that—and what can the past give us more exciting and meaningful than the present? . . . So Liberty's stories crowd close to reality. The one that begins on page 8 this week, for example. In *Green Air*, Sidney Herschel Small writes with an eye on the present and the immediate future too. The swift development of glider piloting is the newest thing in American aviation. The change-of-mind in the way flyers are coming to regard it is an item of today's news. We invite Bill Talbot, in Mr. Small's story, to shake hands with the gentleman pictured above. He is Sergeant Jackie Coogan, one-time child movie star; now, after finishing training at Twentynine Palms, California, a full-fledged glider pilot, ready to go.



WE DID GO INTO THE PAST though not for fiction, for what appears on pages 20-22. And we were surprised ourselves at how sharply it thrust us back into the present. What Billy Mitchell said about planes is in people's minds today. But who remembers how accurately, too, he forecast tank and parachute tactics? We confess we didn't.

The Editors



"Stop asking for pennies when you know how important copper is to national defense!"

CROSSWORDS by Ted Shane

HORIZONTAL

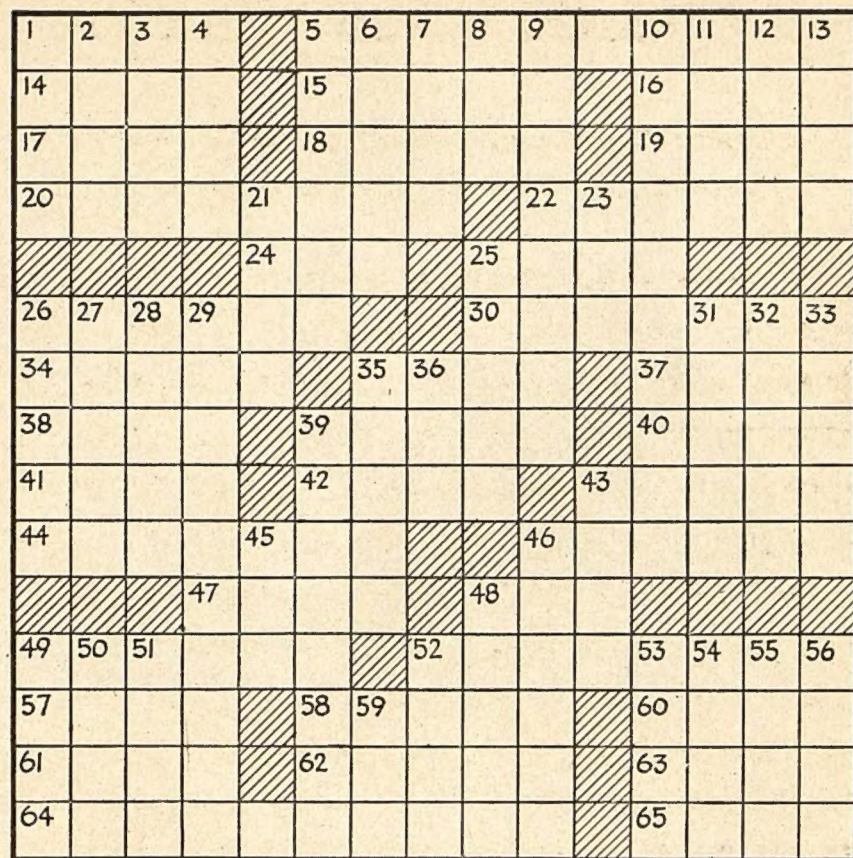
- 1 The Amazon rises in this. How I'd like to join it! (abbr.)
- 5 Modern seamstress (found about the hot spots) (two words)
- 14 His characters sure are sketches!
- 15 Only kind of facts the Germans understand
- 16 Cause of the soprano's high seizure, resulting in yelling and screaming
- 17 Where the ex-Premier made a Blum out of Hitler
- 18 Badly spent time
- 19 This is collected around back fences
- 20 Bad Hombre Country
- 22 What the WAACs enjoy doing

- 24 The relative bug
- 25 Member of the Whacks
- 26 Little doodad that fits on in front and makes a difference in what you say
- 30 This is aged in the wood
- 34 Calm, as the spoken word by Hitler
- 35 Practically kiss a thing good-by
- 37 Not a bad actor—a good one!
- 38 Scene of the first mass evacuation
- 39 The fare's printed on them
- 40 This is hidden in old walls
- 41 Cyclops ice cube
- 42 Blvds.
- 43 Queer RR.
- 44 The juice of the matter
- 46 A hold-up down under (snappy, eh?)
- 47 Toothsome thing about the farm—but not the city
- 48 Speech under the New Order (Ger.)
- 49 This collects scrap, precious metals, free meals, etc.
- 52 Sunstroke, peaches (pl.)
- 57 Co(s)mic Stancer
- 58 Hotfooted
- 60 What Nazis will be after the war

- 61 Turkish parade
- 62 Wot the cockney did w'en 'e sat dahn on a bee (two words)
- 63 Twitch, twitch, twitch, twitch (fem.)
- 64 Blossom with B. O.
- 65 It doesn't quite make sense

VERTICAL

- 1 It's lost its woof—there's a twist to it!
- 2 Fat singers cover a large one
- 3 Guy who's scared to sign (abbr.)
- 4 I'd gladly be a beach this around Veronica Lake
- 5 A woman of few words—she keeps a stony silence!
- 6 Where light bulbs are produced
- 7 Toast without tea
- 8 Soup, for distribution around Germany by R. A. F.
- 9 It takes till the following Thursday to get over them
- 10 Hero of the bou-doirs
- 11 He's all wet
- 12 O so peaceful Green Land, how cruel our base demands!
- 13 Current cost
- 21 She was a good girl
- 23 Little General, to his dad



- 25 Two-faced god
- 26 Seagoing kaydet
- 27 What I'd gladly share with Dotty Lamour (pl.)
- 28 Middleman of DP fame
- 29 Only place modern gals blush
- 31 Hardship of war: beer must be drunk by this
- 32 Open up
- 33 Whatta dope!
- 35 Girdle for Ol' Man River!

- 36 A few points for would-be admirals (abbr.)
- 39 Friday turkey
- 43 These should be plugged near Congress
- 45 Gal with whinnying ways
- 46 He makes the grade
- 48 Silly honkers
- 49 The fall of Scotland in the winter of 1516
- 50 Negri

- 51 Humpty-Dumpty-shaped
- 52 Mud-flat Norman die
- 53 What the R. A. F. does to Göring
- 54 Some day this'll rise and be Great again
- 55 The thorn of old England, before she rose
- 56 What racketeers need guts to win
- 59 All Russia Over-awes! (abbr.)

Last week's answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



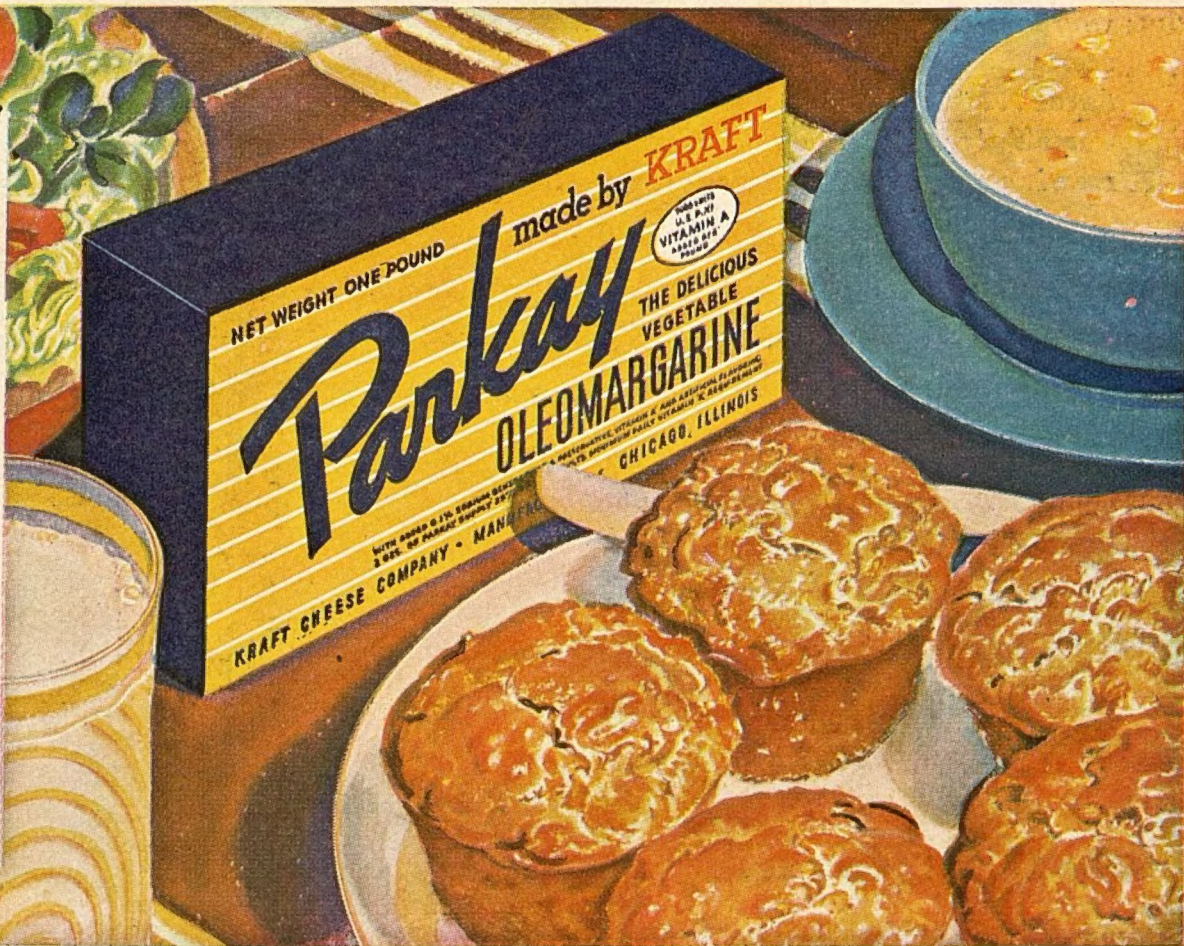
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*"He doesn't
say where...
but he got
the Camels!"*

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★ ★ ★

—AND OVER HERE!